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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1878.

NEW STORY BY THOMAS HARDY.

A new Serial Story by this popular Novelist, entitled

AN INDISCRETION IN THE LIFE OF AN HEIRESS,

begins in this Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY. *Our readers will find it a very attractive and entertaining novel.*

GEORGE ELIOT'S POEM.

HARPER'S BAZAR *for July 6 contains a new Poem by* GEORGE ELIOT, *entitled*

A COLLEGE BREAKFAST PARTY,

which we commend to the attention of our readers.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains an interesting double-page engraving representing the precautions taken against torpedoes by the British fleet in the Sea of Marmora, and other attractive features.*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE INVESTIGATION.

THE Investigation will of course be the prominent political topic until a report is made. Its result or real purpose is still under discussion. Several conspicuous Democrats have written letters stating that no kind of revolutionary action will be taken, and the Tammany Democracy, whose word, of course, is always trustworthy, and whose record is rigorously consistent, has resolved that the Presidential title is unassailable. Some anonymous gentlemen writing in newspapers have remarked that it is generally understood that no disturbance is intended, and one paper asks satirically whether any body who prognosticates trouble is disposing of his property against the day of danger. Perhaps as much as in the winter of '76-77. On the other hand, those who are in earnest in the plan of unseating the President have not relinquished their purpose, and those who announce that no such plan is entertained are very desirous that Mr. TILDEN should join Mr. HENDRICKS in saying that no mischief is meant. Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS reiterates with vehemence that the movement does mean mischief, while Mr. HILL declares that if any body attempts revolution, "the ex-rebels will put it down." Meanwhile Senator SPENCER moves for a general inquiry into frauds and into the overthrow of the PACKARD and CHAMBERLAIN governments. A report in the *Times* says that Mr. SPENCER asserts that a corrupt bargain was made at the Wormley conference, and that the President was fully informed of it. It adds that Mr. SPENCER is on intimate terms with Mr. CONKLING, and that the latter is supposed to have been consulted about the resolution. General BUTLER also, in the part he has taken, has succeeded in showing his hostility to the Administration, and in nothing else.

All this shows the extreme uncertainty of the present political situation. It is undeniable that a large number of Democrats deplore the investigation, and no less so that many Republicans would be very glad to see the President discredited and dishonored. The beginning of the POTTER inquiry produced no important results whatever, except to show the total untrustworthiness of ANDERSON, the chief witness, and an astounding want of discretion or of moral perception on the part of Senator MATTHEWS. The President is absolutely untouched, and the country has undoubtedly made up its mind as to the probability of "bargains" made by his authority. Some of the Republican authorities for this story of bargain on his part will probably find enough to do in disposing of the evidence that directly charges them with bargain. The only practical conclusion from the business thus far is that there are great possibilities of mischief in the investigation, and that the sole way of certainly avoiding revolutionary excitement is to elect a House that will have no party interest in such excitement. This, however, is not to draw the line merely between the parties, because it is now clear that a Republican House which sympathized with Mr. SPENCER'S views would be more unfriendly to the Administration than one composed of Democrats who agreed with Mr. HILL'S estimate of the situation. The true security would be a Republican House friendly to the Administration, because the Administration now represents in the best sense patriotic conservatism.

Mr. SPENCER'S resolution strikes at what his wing of the Republican party allege to be the great offense of the President, in not attempting to uphold the governments of Mr. PACKARD in Louisiana and of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in South Carolina. The argument upon this point was long since closed, and sides have been definitively taken. The question can not be re-opened to any practical result. The Republican opponents of the Administration unreservedly declare that they will never forget or forgive this treachery, and consequently that they will never consent to any expression of confidence which implies approval of it. They will willingly declare the title to be unassailable, because they hold that Mr. HAYES was lawfully elected, and can not be removed except by impeachment. But they none the less regard him as an enemy of the party, and consequently of the national welfare. The difference between such Republicans and those who hold that the Administration stands for the only wise and just position, and the only one upon which the party could hope for continued dominance, is deep and wide. But Mr. SPENCER and his friends will find, we believe, that the common version of the Wormley conference is entirely incorrect. Mr. HILL'S statement to a reporter of the *Times*, that all who took part in that conference did so as individuals merely, and in no sense as representatives of others, will probably be verified conclusively. Mr. HILL'S statement should dispose of the theory that the "ex-rebel brigadiers" are bent upon confusion and civil strife. He says that when it was plain that the Presidency would be awarded to Mr. HAYES, he, Mr. HILL, personally called upon forty-two ex-Confederate members of the House, and obtained their pledge to oppose all attempts to frustrate the counting of the votes for President and Vice-President. This was done some time before the Wormley conference took place. But that this pledge, or any pledge that may have been made at that conference, will be found to implicate the President in any bargain, can be believed only by infuriated partisans. Yet without a bargain there could be no treachery. It is not treachery for an honest man who becomes President honestly to do what he believes to be his constitutional duty. Mr. SPENCER'S inquiry will not dishonor the Administration, at which it is aimed, more than Mr. POTTER'S, which has the same object. But from present appearances the investigation will probably divide more clearly than ever Mr. SPENCER, General BUTLER, and the other Republican enemies of the Administration from its Republican friends.

A NEGLECTED DUTY.

IT is now evident that the most important question which the situation imposes upon Congress will not have been thought worthy of serious consideration at this session. We mean the method of determining a disputed Presidential election. It can not be too constantly repeated that there is now no provision whatever for such a dispute, and nothing more likely than that it may arise. It is agreed that the plan of a commission will not be adopted again; that is all which seems to be settled, and that seems to satisfy Congress. The press has not been recreant to its duty in the matter, and it has been the subject of constant private comment and inquiry. Congress alone has dawdled along from December to June; and when in the very last weeks of the session Mr. EDMUNDS introduced a bill containing a plan, Mr. THURMAN intimated that he should oppose it, and the Senate refused even to take it up for consideration. Yet a very little care, a very simple provision, is all that is needed to save the country from a very probable and disastrous peril.

The principle of Mr. EDMUNDS'S bill, as we have explained, is the settlement of electoral disputes in the States, and, in case of a contest in the Congressional count, the consent of both Houses to a settlement. This is strictly conformed to the general tone of the Constitution upon the subject of the election. The theory that the House as such has superior authority to that of the Senate, because the House in a certain contingency elects the President, is preposterous. The State basis is observed throughout. The House is merely a resort in the last extremity. Not only can it not elect at pleasure, but it must select from candidates already designated by the States, and it must not elect as a House of Representatives, but as a House of States, the State delegation in each case casting the vote of the State. So far as the counting of the electoral vote is concerned, the two Houses are absolutely equal, and this equality must be preserved until the contingency contemplated by the Constitution has arisen. The objection that if unanimity in receiving a challenged vote should be required, it will enable the House to wrest the election into its power, is an objection which would not be obviated, certainly, by destroying the equality of the Houses. A disputed vote must be rejected or accepted. If the Houses are equal, it is plain that the question ought not to be decided by the vote of one only. Honorable action on the part of each must be assumed, and if they can not agree to count a disputed vote, it ought not to be counted.

But as the loss of an electoral vote is one that no State can be presumed to bear willingly, this provision of the bill of Mr. EDMUNDS becomes the strongest argument with each State to conform to the other provision for the settlement of disputes at home. The Presidential election is meant to be an affair of the States, and it is the duty of the States to take care that their voice is truly heard. There should be time between the election and the casting of the electoral vote to hear and decide all questions that may arise, and they should be given precedence in all the courts. Mr. EDMUNDS has borne this also in mind, and his bill provides for it. The question now goes over to the next session, but it is one upon which every State Convention of the summer should speak distinctly.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

AMERICAN literature and life have both lost one of their most conspicuous figures in Mr. BRYANT. He was the most eminent of American poets when those who are now old men went to school, and their grandchildren have been accustomed to see his name heading the list of distinguished signers to every public call, and his venerable presence adorning and dignifying every public occasion. In earlier life he was called a cold and shy man, little known personally to the public; in later years he has been known for the grace and urbanity with which he discharged the duty of a Nestor among equal citizens. He was mortally attacked on his return from making a speech in the open air at the dedication of a bust of MAZZINI, and it is but a few weeks since he presided at the Century breakfast, and at the great public dinner to Mr. BAYARD TAYLOR—an old man, indeed, but apparently with unimpaired freshness and remarkable vigor. It will be always pleasant to remember that there was no decay of faculty; that in the midst of his active and honored life he paused for a moment—and God took him.

Mr. BRYANT'S position was unique. He was not, indeed, the oldest of our poets, because Mr. DANA was born before him; nor was he the most popular, for the popularity of LONGFELLOW is incontestable. Neither is there a general familiarity with his verse. His most famous poem was published more than sixty years ago, and his most familiar stanza has been quoted for forty years. He has exerted very little direct literary influence. His mark, indeed, is less perceptible upon the writings of younger men than that of several other of our poets, yet by common popular consent he has been placed at the head of all. The explanation of his eminence is to be found in the simplicity and independence of his character, and the manner in which, through a long and unofficial life, he blended the exercise of his admirable literary powers and scholarly accomplishments with the discharge of the daily duties of a Republican citizen. When he was thirteen years old his friends published his first important poem, a political satire, "The Embargo," and fifty-two years ago, when he was thirty-two years old, he became associated in the editorial management of the *Evening Post*, and through all that time he has taken an active part in practical politics, never suffering the allurements of "lettered ease" to withdraw him from the constant and stern duties of practical life.

With strong political convictions and entire intrepidity in their expression, and with a sincere delight in literature and study, he followed a vigorous editor, WILLIAM COLEMAN, in the control of the *Post*, and gave it a character of political ability and independence, with a certain literary charm and interest which have become the tradition of the paper, and which his various active successors have striven to maintain. It was an organ of Jeffersonian Democracy, and when his party, in a later day, passed under the yoke of slavery, Mr. BRYANT followed his principles out of his party. During the war, and a few years before it, he was a strong Republican; but during the last few years he has worn party bonds very lightly. His editorial influence lay in the general conviction of his patriotism and sincerity, and in the proof given by his conduct that he valued party as a means, not as an end. Meanwhile he studied and travelled and wrote, and the simplicity, the vigor, the manliness, of his character and mind were all reflected in his poetry.

Measured by what are called "schools" of poetry, BRYANT was a contemplative poet of nature, like WORDSWORTH. But although he lived through the epoch of SCOTT and BYRON, who so deeply affected most of their contemporaries, he was wholly untouched by either. His verse is singularly free from sentimentality or any morbid feeling whatever—from all excess, or obscurity, or turgidity. It has the clear, calm tone of a serious, thoughtful, self-restrained mind, always healthful and pure, with a natural grace of melody and a tempered severity of form, springing from a naturally admirable and highly cultivated taste. It is never passionate, never electrical, but it has an occasional subdued pathos which reveals the profoundest feeling and sympathy, the articulate vision of an eye

"That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality."

The same sober simplicity marked his life. Without office, without ostentation or assumption of any kind, he passed his tranquil days, while increasing age and a comfortable fortune withdrew him from editorial strife and active partisanship. He became a civic patriarch, crowned not only with his flowing white hair, but with the invisible laurel of public honor and regard. The old Greek poet would have called him happy also in his death, and doubtless many who had never seen him, when they heard that he was gone in the early days of summer, recalled his early poem "June"—an admirable illustration of the qualities of his poetic character:

"I gazed upon the glorious sky
And the green mountains round,
And thought that when I came to lie
At rest within the ground,
'Twere pleasant that in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich green mountain turf should break.
* * * * *
"These to their softened hearts should bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who can not share
The gladness of the scene;
Whose part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills
Is—that his grave is green."

A STILL HUNTER.

THE grave entreaty to Mr. TILDEN to "speak out" and declare that he does not approve any assault upon the President's title is exceedingly comic. The same entreaty to speak out was used during the doubtful winter that followed the election, and when his party was very much more united than it is now. Mr. TILDEN, however, is not a politician who speaks out. He was chairman of the Democratic State Committee when TWEED "ran" the Democratic party of this State, and Mr. TILDEN used to open the Democratic Conventions with a speech. But he did not speak out. He is generally supposed to prefer the "still hunt" in politics, and still hunters are not much given to loud talking. The one thing that under no circumstances in the present situation will Mr. TILDEN do is to speak out. From the moment of the decision of the Electoral Commission and of Congress that Mr. HAYES was President he has apparently had but one purpose. It is to keep fresh and warm the cry of Fraud. He has posed as the victim of "The Crime of the Century." Not, indeed, as a personal victim, so to speak, for he has not failed to declare that it is not he who has suffered, but the country, which has been defrauded in his person. And he has done this that the "Great Wrong" might be righted by his nomination and election to the Presidency in 1880, not in any manner for his own sake, but solely for truth, justice, and the country.

Now nothing is plainer than that the POTTER inquiry is a vigorous stirring up of the fire. The uncertainty of its aim and scope, the excitement and possible disturbance, all increase the heat. But to ask Mr. TILDEN to speak out is to ask him to allay public interest in the "Great Question of Fraud." And is a still hunter, whose sole purpose is to keep that fire burning and blazing, likely to obey? He has always meant that "Fraud" should be the Democratic platform of 1880. He is an old Tammany politician, as Tammany has just assured us, and his plan evidently is to insist, through his friends, that he was undoubtedly elected in 1876; that he was defrauded of his office by a conspiracy; that he did not countenance any violence; that, under his lead, the Democratic party sublimely acquiesced in the diversion of the Presidency to a party which had not won it, trusting in the peaceful and legal righting of the "Wrong" at the ballot-box; and how shall this be done except with him as the candidate?

This is apparently Mr. TILDEN'S general plan. It will be said, of course, that he did

not "speak out" against violence, and that his most fanatical supporters were the anarchists in the House, who would have gladly broken up the count, and that if the party acquiesced, it was not because of any advice from him, and that therefore the party is at full liberty to seek a candidate elsewhere. But we suppose his secret reliance against this view, which is, however, indisputable, to be his conviction that the real cry of his party in the election must be "Fraud," and that of that cry he must necessarily be the representative. The POTTER investigation, as Sam Weller said in the famous sliding scene, "keeps the pot a-bilin," and Mr. TILDEN is not the man to lift the cover.

THE WEST AND THE SEA-BOARD.

SENATOR WINDOM, of Minnesota, has recently made a speech in Congress in which New York is much interested. He presented the memorial of the Legislature of his State asking for an improvement of the Mississippi from St. Anthony's Falls to New Orleans, and entered upon the whole subject of the competition between the Eastward and the Southern movements for the transport to the sea of the products of the Mississippi Basin. Mr. WINDOM'S treatment of the question was carefully considered, comprehensive, and forcible, and it was a relief, in the midst of the partisan wrangling about frauds and the endeavors of one clever politician to trip another, to come upon a question of practical statesmanship of the first importance. One estimate that Senator WINDOM mentioned, and which, coming from him, is not a guess but a calculation, may well be pondered by the merchants and people of New York:

"I entertain no doubt whatever that when the improvements contemplated shall be finished, the charges from St. Louis to New Orleans will not exceed three to four cents per bushel, with probabilities even below that small figure; and that six to eight cents from St. Paul to New Orleans, and even eighteen to twenty cents from St. Paul to Liverpool, may be confidently anticipated."

The problem of New York would then be to send the grain of St. Paul to Liverpool at a cheaper rate.

The forces on either side Mr. WINDOM well described.

"On the side of the Southward movement are the trade interests and enterprise of St. Louis, the North and South railroads, cheap transportation on the river, the capital and commercial enterprise of New Orleans, and the new competitive influence of large ocean steamers at her docks. On the side of the Eastward movement are the invincible courage and enterprise of Chicago, the East and West railroads, the great transportation interests involved in the Northern water line, Canadian capital and the transportation interests on the St. Lawrence, the capital and commercial enterprise of New York city, and the vast ocean tonnage always at her wharves. Chicago and New York on the one side, and St. Louis and New Orleans on the other, are now marshalling these tremendous forces for the impending struggle."

There is no necessary antagonism between railroads and water ways. Indeed, the success of many roads would be impossible without the water routes. But bearing in mind that the grain shipped abroad does not come from the Eastern or Middle States, but from the West, and that the great agricultural interest can not languish without causing the entire community to suffer, the necessity of providing an ample and cheap outlet is obvious, and the question of selling the grain or not—in other words, the welfare of the agricultural interest—depends upon a few cents a bushel in the cost of reaching the sea-coast. Russia is the great competitor of America in furnishing food to the world. But Russia has improved and cheapened transport to the sea, while ours remains too costly. Our railroads can not compete with the cheap transportation of the Danube, and the sale of our Western grain crop depends, therefore, upon the water routes.

Mr. WINDOM'S conclusion is that both the Eastern and the Southern routes are indispensable parts of one system; that each is needed to regulate the other and the railways; and that, if both are thoroughly improved, the Western American farmer will be able to command the markets of the world. The two routes would not combine, because their interests are necessarily antagonistic; and as each will be an open highway, competition will be unavoidable. His plea for prosecuting the works now is that they can be done more cheaply probably than for many years to come, and that it would employ thousands and thousands who are now distressed. "The hoarding capitalist and the lazy communist are equally the enemies of the state." He would tax the one, and, in case of need, shoot the other. This part of Mr. WINDOM'S speech was less carefully considered. Excessive taxation will certainly not make capital less hoarding; and if one of the reasons for doing the work be that it can be more cheaply done now than hereafter, it can only be because hereafter there will be a greater demand for labor, and that demand, by the terms of the proposition, will not be dependent upon doing this work now. But the subject so fully presented by the Senator is of commanding importance; and as it is a question of the West and of the agricultural interest, and as the West is now so great a factor in politics, it is sure to be a prominent topic in all political platforms and calculations.

REPUBLICAN OHIO.

THE question which divides the Republican party—that of the Administration—was brought to a direct issue in the Ohio Republican Convention, and we are very glad to record that the friends of the Administration prevailed by an overwhelming majority. General BEATTY took frankly and openly the position that Mr. CONKLING took covertly and indirectly at the New York Convention last year. General BEATTY said honorably what he meant—that the Southern policy is an outrage upon Southern Republicans, that the civil service reform is a sham, and that the silver veto connived at universal bankruptcy. The President, he said, had disappointed, humiliated, and betrayed his party. General BEATTY, in fact, said all that some more conspicuous Republicans would like to say. He did not mince his words in the least, and made the open issue of condemning the Administration. The Convention with enthusiasm then adopted the following resolution by a vote of about five to one, and the *Times* reporter says, "There is no doubt that a much stronger expression could have been adopted by the same majority."

"President HAYES having been duly elected, and his title subsequently settled under the Constitution by the highest tribunal and by the act of both political parties, it can not be questioned, and we recognize in his Administration the highest integrity and patriotism, the most sincere effort to promote political purity and harmony and secure general business prosperity throughout the whole country."

The tone of this declaration is admirable. It is called in some quarters a compromise, but it certainly contains no compromise with the assertion that the Administration has disappointed, humiliated, and betrayed the party. It does not commend every act, as no such resolution ever should. Even the New York resolutions applauding GRANT'S Administrations did not specify nor intend to approve certain things which could not be commended. They declared a general confidence in honest and patriotic purpose. The significance of such declarations is to be found in their general spirit, and that of the Ohio and Indiana Republicans is a spirit of hearty and generous sympathy and support.

The rest of the platform is devoted to an arraignment of the Democratic party on local issues, to a declaration favoring a revenue tariff with incidental protection, and a demand for completing public buildings without delay while labor is still cheap. The financial question is held to be settled by Congress. In fact, the Presidential plank is the platform. The title is legally unassailable, and the investigation is wholly mischievous in design. The platform shows, with all the platforms of the year, how extremely uncertain the political situation is, but it is pleasant to see so significant a sign as the cordial response of Republican Ohio to Republican Indiana.

VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE usual "striking" of persons holding office under the government has begun. A circular signed by Mr. GEORGE C. GORHAM, who is Secretary of the Senate and of the Republican Congressional Committee, has been addressed by the last-named body to the clerks in the departments. It calls upon the person addressed as a Republican for a contribution, "hoping that it may not be less than $——." This plain statement of the amount which the office-holder is expected to give is followed immediately by this remark:

"The Committee deem it proper, in thus appealing to Republicans generally, to inform those who happen to be in Federal employ that there will be no objection in any official quarter to such voluntary contribution."

To make this statement complete and exact it is necessary to add that if any person in Federal employ does not think fit to contribute any thing whatever, he will be in no danger, so far as the President is concerned, of losing his place. The President's views are well known, and he holds them as firmly as ever. In his opinion the fact that a public officer receives a salary from the government does not subject him to the claims of a political party for contributions to campaign funds. If he has money to spare, and chooses to contribute for political purposes voluntarily, he may do so, like any other citizen. If he does not, he has the assurance that it will in no way impair his official standing.

These are the convictions of the President upon this subject, and there is no reason whatever to doubt that he will act accordingly. If his wishes are respected, there will be perfect freedom of action on the part of every office-holder. His position is perfectly intelligible and sound, but, as we have often pointed out, his power is limited. A simple illustration will prove this, and we mention it to show one of the reasons why we have insisted upon the appointment of superior officers who wish reform as a condition of securing it. The twelve or thirteen hundred places in the New York Custom-house are filled by the Secretary of the Treasury upon the nomination of the Collector. The President has nothing to do with their appointment, except that he nominates the Secretary and the Collector. His attempt to place at the head of the Custom-house a Collector who would have co-operated heartily with him was baffled by the Senate. The old régime therefore remains in power. The usual demand will be made probably for "voluntary contributions." Those who do not "voluntarily" give will expose themselves to the chance of removal. But non-payment of the "contribution" would not be the ostensible reason for removal, and they would be unable to prove that it was so. In all this business the President would be powerless, and the only way to break it up is to appoint a Collector who thinks that it is precisely what it is—a shameless outrage.

The "glory-to-God-respects-to-BABCOCK" politicians hold that placemen ought to pay for their places by giving liberally to the party treasury, and as long as these gentlemen are in command, they will enforce their views. They suppose that they have disposed of the matter when they ask who should contribute if not those who enjoy the offices? The reply is very obvious, that they should pay the necessary expenses of a party who desire its success for public and not for private reasons. More than forty years ago Mr. WEBSTER said, "Men in office have begun to think themselves mere agents and servants of the appointing power, and not agents of the government or the country......It is necessary to bring back public officers to the conviction that they belong to the country, and not to any Administration nor to any one man." This is very much more necessary now, and one of the first steps toward it is to break up this business of party assessments upon public officers under the name of voluntary contributions. The GORHAM circular says that there will be no objection in any official quarter. We venture to say that there will be objection in the highest official quarter if the contribution be not absolutely voluntary. But at the same time we repeat that the facts in any particular case will not probably come to the knowledge of the Executive. His desire to break up an evil practice has thus far been baffled, in New York, at least, by the Senate.

PERSONAL.

DR. CHASE, of Holyoke, Massachusetts, has in his possession the original document, written by his grandfather, General JONATHAN CHASE, containing the articles of convention for the surrender of General BURGOYNE'S army at Saratoga one hundred and one years ago.

—On the 11th inst. Bishop POTTER laid the corner-stone of St. Barnabas House, No. 306 Mulberry Street. The building, which is to cost $17,000, is the gift of Mr. JOHN JACOB ASTOR. This institution is intended to afford refuge for friendless and homeless women and children, and is under the charge of the "Sisterhood of the Good Shepherd."

—Mr. HENRY F. DURANT, the founder of Wellesley College, at Wellesley, Massachusetts, purposes to use the present college building for the preparatory department only, and put up another building for the main college, capable of accommodating 700 pupils, or more than twice as many as the present one. A scientific building is also planned.

—One of the latest of Mr. ROGERS'S statuette groups, which are so deservedly popular, is a charming composition called "Private Theatricals." It consists of two figures, a lady and a cavalier, gracefully posed. They are represented as ready to go upon the stage; she is conning her part from an open book, while he puts the finishing touches to her eyebrows. Mr. ROGERS, who excels in compositions of this kind, has never produced a more attractive group than "Private Theatricals."

—A fresh face will shine from our lecture platforms next winter—that of Mr. ALEXANDER FORBES, the famous war correspondent of the London *Daily News*, who will tell what he saw of fighting between the Russians and Turks. As a describer of gore he has no superior.

—It is EDMUND ABOUT who does us this little encomium: "At the age of twenty-five an American has tried a dozen ways of life, made four fortunes, a bankruptcy, and two campaigns, pleaded a cause, preached a religion, killed six men with a revolver, enfranchised a negress, and conquered an island."

—At the Phillips Academy reunion on May 6 it was announced that $100,000 were needed to put the institution on a firm foundation, and soon $50,000 were subscribed, Mr. J. M. SEARS, a recent graduate of Yale, giving $10,000, and Mr. JOHN C. PHILLIPS $25,000. General B. F. BUTLER renewed an offer of $500 for a scholarship at the academy, which was accepted.

—The Boston *Herald* says of RALPH WALDO EMERSON, who is now seventy-five years old: "His spare features are sharply outlined, his thin gray hair straggles over his head, his clear eye twinkles with every amusing utterance, his air is that of a student, an inquirer. He has a frank cordiality which is charming; he listens to you as if you were teaching him, not he you, and you forget that you are in the presence of our first American writer, and talk out your thought as to your own brother. Mr. EMERSON is quoted as saying that he 'had written nothing for several years'—his 'work was done.'"

—Mr. JOHN A. MACGAHAN, the war correspondent of the New York *Herald* and London *Daily News*, who has just died at Constantinople, was long since placed by common consent in rank with FORBES and RUSSELL among the foremost descriptive writers of the time. His *Campaigning on the Oxus and the Fall of Khiva*, published by HARPER & BROTHERS in 1874, was the notable work of that year. In the recent conflict between Turkey and Russia his account of the assault on Plevna, and the night succeeding it, was the very perfection of descriptive writing. Indeed, all his work indicated the possession of the highest faculties for the specialty to which he had chiefly devoted himself, and his death, in the very flower of manhood, takes from journalism one of its ablest and most conspicuous members.

—Cadet DERBY, who graduated at the head of his class at West Point on Wednesday last, is the son of the late Captain DERBY, of the Engineer Corps, who also graduated, many years ago, at the head of his class. Captain DERBY, however, was better known as "John Phœnix," the pioneer of that class of literature in which "Artemus Ward," BRET HARTE, and "Mark Twain" have won so much distinction.

—The ball which was given by Lord LYONS, the British ambassador, at the opening of the Exposition, cost $20,000, and is spoken of as the most brilliant *fête* of the season.

—The famous Yale class of 1853 are to celebrate their twenty-fifth reunion on June 25. Among the more or less famous men who were members of the class are the Rev. THEODORE BACON; E. C. BILLINGS, judge of the United States District Court, Louisiana; A. W. BISHOP, president Arkansas Agricultural College; ISAAC H. BROMLEY, New York *Tribune*; G. F. V. BARTLETT, S.T.D., president University of Kentucky; the Rev. Professor THOMAS F. DAVIES, Philadelphia, S.T.D.; RANDALL LEE GIBSON, of Louisiana (general Confederate army), member of Congress; the Rev. W. H. GLEASON; D. A. GODDARD, editor Boston *Advertiser*; General EDWARD HARLAND, Connecticut; THOMAS M. JACK, of Texas; S. W. KNEVALS, New York; ISAAC WAYNE M'VEAGH, of Pennsylvania, ex-minister to Turkey; BENJAMIN K. PHELPS, District Attorney, New York; H. C. ROBINSON, of Hartford, Connecticut; GEORGE W. SMALLEY, New York *Tribune*, London; E. C. STEDMAN, poet-banker; E. L. TRAIN, late editor *Palladium*, New Haven; GEORGE H. WATROUS, LL.B.; THEODORE WESTON, engineer, etc., New York; Professor ANDREW L. WHITE, LL.D., Cornell University; the Rev. Dr. JAMES M. WHITON, president Williston Seminary, Easthampton, Massachusetts; Colonel J. STODDARD JOHNSON, Frankfort, Kentucky; ED. W. SEYMOUR, Connecticut. The New York *Evening Post* hatefully remarks, "Why Yale College has kept up its nominal existence since 1853 is a great question."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: The Senate, on the 8th, passed the Army Appropriation Bill, with an amendment providing for a commission to consider the expediency of transferring the Indian Bureau to the War Department. The House passed the General Deficiency Bill.—On the 10th, the Senate referred the Spencer resolution for an investigation of all alleged frauds in the election of 1876 to the Election Committee. The House non-concurred in the Senate amendments to the Army Appropriation Bill, but agreed to the conference report on the Military Academy Bill.—On the 12th, the Senate passed the House Deficiency Appropriation Bill, amounting to $5,663,215 55, and agreed to the conference report on the Post-office Appropriation Bill. General John C. Fremont was confirmed as Governor of Arizona.—On the 13th, the Senate passed the bill reported by its Finance Committee as a substitute for the House bill to repeal the Specie Resumption Act. The House passed the Sundry Civil Bill.

The Ohio Republican State Convention met in Cincinnati on the 12th, and renominated Milton Barnes for Secretary of State and William White for Supreme Court Judge. The platform recognizes in the administration of President Hayes "the highest integrity and patriotism, the most sincere effort to promote political purity and harmony, and secure general business prosperity throughout the whole country. The Michigan Republican State Convention met at Detroit on the 13th, and nominated for Governor, Charles M. Croswell; Lieutenant-Governor, Alonzo Sessions; and Secretary of State, William Jenny, Jun.

The New Hampshire Legislature, on the 12th, elected the following State officers: Secretary of State, A. B. Thompson; Treasurer, Solon A. Carter; State Printer, John B. Clark; Commissary-General, William H. Sise.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE EASTERN QUESTION: The European Congress assembled, on the 13th inst., in the Radziwell Palace, Berlin. Prince Bismarck was elected president. After a short sitting the Congress adjourned till the 17th inst. In the evening a banquet was given in honor of the plenipotentiaries in the White Hall of the palace.

The Prussian Federal Council, on the 11th inst., unanimously voted Prince Bismarck's proposal to dissolve the Reichstag. Herr Most, a Socialistic member of the Reichstag, has been sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment for persisting in addressing a meeting at Chemnitz after the police had declared it closed.

Both Houses of the French Legislature adjourned on the 11th inst. The Senate acquiesced in the suppression by the Chamber of Deputies of its amendments to the Officers' Pensions and Direct Taxes bills. A possible conflict between the two Houses was thus averted.

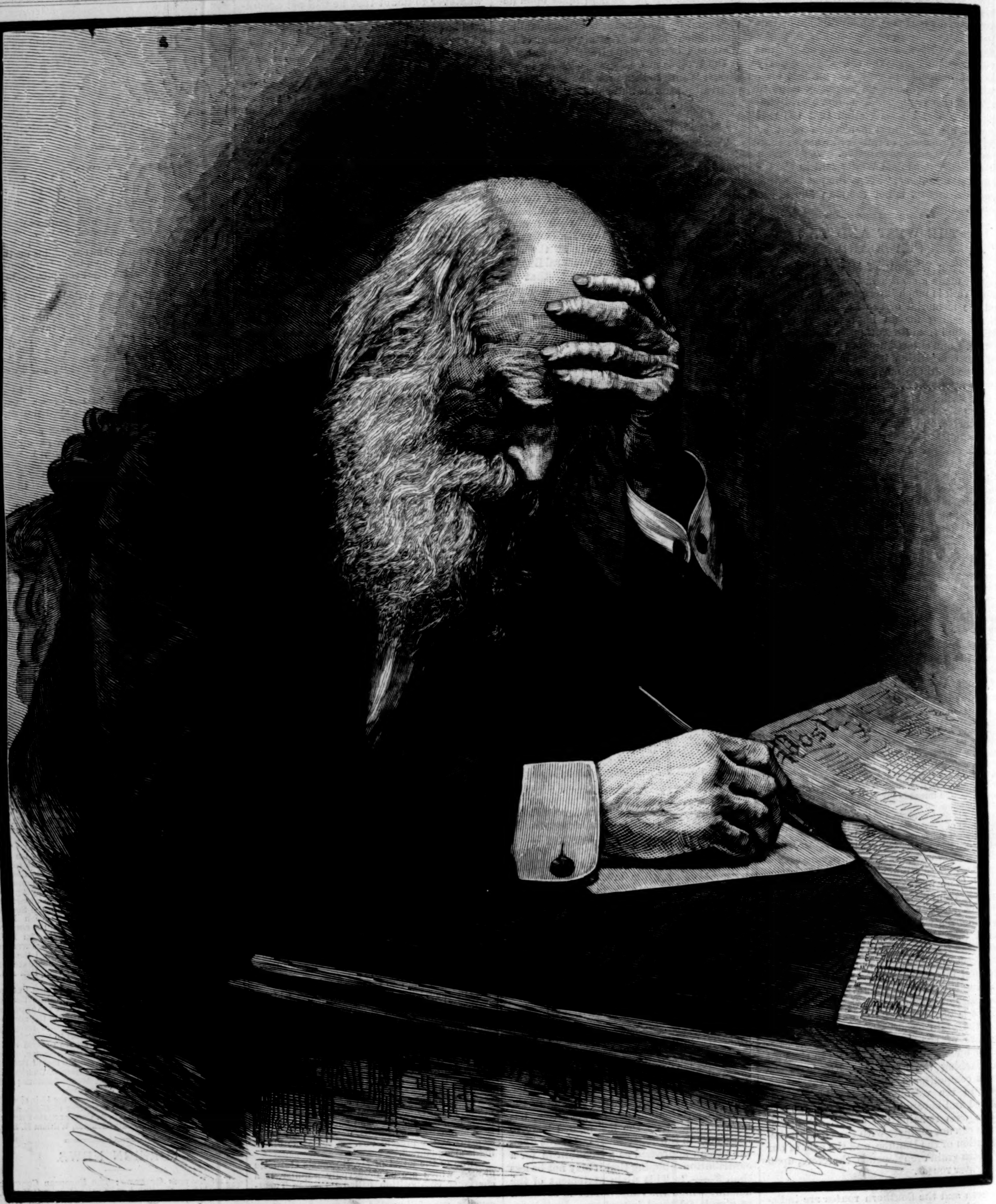
The general elections in Belgium are over. The Liberals have a majority of ten in the Chamber of Representatives and six in the Senate. The Catholic ministry has resigned. There is great rejoicing among the Liberals.

A frightful explosion occurred, on the 7th inst., in the Ravenshead and Florida mines, at Haydock, six miles south of Wigan, Lancashire, England: 232 miners were killed.

An official telegram from Havana reports that peace has been restored throughout Cuba, the remaining insurgents having surrendered. President Garcia with his companions has sailed for St. Thomas in a Spanish war vessel.

The United States consul at Canton, China, reports that a terrible tornado swept over that city on the 11th of April, causing great destruction of life and property. It is estimated that 10,000 persons were killed.

A mob of strikers intending to wreck a mill in Quebec, on the 12th, was fired upon by the military, and dispersed. Two of the rioters were killed and many wounded.



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.—BORN, NOVEMBER 3, 1794: DIED, JUNE 12, 1878.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALMAN & CO.]

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

EARLY in the morning of June 12, after an illness of fourteen days, the most eminent of American poets died at his residence in this city. His illness was caused by injuries received in falling on the steps of a friend's house. He had delivered the address at the unveiling of the bust of MAZZINI, in Central Park, and the heat and exertion proved too great for his strength. While standing at the door of his friend's residence, where he had gone to take rest and to dine, he suddenly swooned, and, falling backward, struck heavily upon his head. He was carried into the house, and in a short time recovered consciousness and was able to go to his own home. Within a short time, however, he again became unconscious, and lingered in that state until his death. He passed quietly and painlessly away as in a peaceful sleep.

The following memoir, from the pen of Mr. R. H. STODDARD, gives an interesting summary of the long literary and journalistic career of this eminent man, as well as a critical survey of his intellectual development.

When the last lustrum of the last century was about to begin, a boy was born in a little town in one of the western counties of Massachusetts. His father was a physician in good repute, who had married a daughter of one of the early settlers of the region, which was called the Pontoosac Forest. He was a stern old magistrate, was Squire EBENEZER SNELL, and his grandson remembers to have seen in his childhood a culprit who was flogged by his orders, for theft, at the public whipping-post in the neighborhood. Squire SNELL built himself a homestead at Cummington about five years before the birth of his grandson, whose earliest recollections are of the low chambers which sheltered and the gambrel roof which covered his father's family there. This old homestead, which stands at the fork of the roads, remained in possession of the family until the child had grown to man's estate, when it was sold. It was repurchased by him thirty years later, and remodelled and enlarged, though it still retains its original shape.

The story of BRYANT's childhood, when it shall be written, will be found to differ in many respects from the story of the childhood of most American poets, especially in the matter of its early surroundings. The life upon which he opened his eyes on the 3d of November, 1794, was a simpler life than ours. Manners were more primitive and austere, and wants were fewer. Social distinctions, though respected, were not such barriers between the rich and the poor as they have since become. Men were valued more for what they were than for what they possessed, and were measured by high moral standards. Religion was a part of the business of every-day life: the day was opened and closed with prayer, grace was said before and after meat, and the reading of the Scriptures was enjoyed as a daily task. Religious books were studied, and the younger members of the family committed hundreds of verses to memory, and repeated the psalms and hymns of WATTS, which held their own in New England thirty or forty years later. They were milk for babes as well as strong meat for men, and it was natural, therefore, that young Master BRYANT should be fed upon them in his childhood. Children were taught to read at a very early age then, and generally by their mothers, who considered the mental training of their offspring as much a part of their household duties as the making of pies and darning of clothes. Before he was three years old he was familiar with the sacred strains of Dr. WATTS, and was wont to recite them, book in hand, with appropriate gestures.

Dr. BRYANT believed his profession to be a noble one, and it was from this belief that he named his little son after one of its luminaries—the celebrated Dr. WILLIAM CULLEN, of Scotland. "The boy will succeed me in the healing art," he fondly thought. It was doubtful at first whether the lad would live, for he was very frail, and he had an immense head. The size of his head troubled his anxious father, who could not find any remedy for excessive cerebral development in the writings of Dr. CULLEN, so he hit upon a remedy of his own, and ordered the child to be ducked every morning in a spring of clear cold water which burst up out of the under-world near the BRYANT homestead. Two of his students were deputed to take the child from his warm bed, and to run with him to this spring, in which he and his offending head were immersed. The youngster fought against this treatment, which was continued until the size of his head diminished, or, what was about the same

MR. BRYANT'S FAVORITE SEAT—VIEW FROM THE HALL DOOR AT ROSLYN.—[Drawn by Granville Perkins.]

thing, until the size of his body increased, and the whilom discrepancy of proportion of both was not noticeable.

Dr. Bryant's hope was that William Cullen would take kindly to medicine, but it was evident to him before many years had passed that it was a fallacious one. It was not a doctor who came to his hearth when the leaves of November were beginning to fall, but that curious specimen of the race, a poet. The child lisped in numbers, as some unfortunate children will. His father accepted the situation gracefully. If nature had made his boy a poet, a poet he should be. He sympathized with him, as Pope's old father had sympathized with *him* a hundred or more years before, corrected his rhymes when they were faulty, and directed his mind in the choice of models to be followed. Papa Bryant thought well of them, and when they were good enough to print, he sent them to a newspaper in Northampton, the editor of which published them.

The history of a poet's mind, which is but another name for the history of his poetry, can only be narrated by those who have studied it thoughtfully, and by such study have become familiar with the circumstances under which it was written. Chronology is of great assistance to the poetic student, and if to chronology he adds some

MR. BRYANT'S COUNTRY HOUSE AT ROSLYN, LONG ISLAND.—[Drawn by Granville Perkins.]

knowledge of history, social as well as literary, and a little geography, much that would otherwise have been obscure will be clear to him. The child is the father of the man, and both man and child are creatures of the times in which they live. Grapes are not gathered from thorns, nor figs from thistles, but every tree brings forth after his kind. Bryant could not have been what he was if he had been born fifty years later, and elsewhere than in New England. What one feels first of all in reading his poetry is that he is a profound lover of nature, and that the nature which he loves is of a peculiar character. His childhood and youth were not passed on the seaboard, we say, but inland, in a wild, wooded, mountainous country.

Wordsworth's books were in the house, his old servant said, but his study was out-of-doors. So was the study of Master Bryant, who learned less from the books he read than any poet with whom I am acquainted (for such parrot notes as he picked up from Pope count for nothing), and whose mind was only once directed by any book whatever. This was a reprint of Wordsworth's *Lyrical Ballads*, which revealed to him a world of which he was but dimly conscious before. He had partaken of its refreshment as he had partaken of his father's spring, and of the wind which had blown into the western chamber where he sat and wrote. The spring drew his little feet to it when he was old enough to toddle away from the door, and where, a sparkling rivulet, it went flowing along behind the house, it invited him to play on its grassy sides, where he cropped violets and listened to the hymn of the brown thrasher. When boyhood came he tried his rude numbers by it, and, like many a young poet before and since, indulged in dreams of fame. When absent, its limpid waters were reflected in his memory, sparkling in sunshine, bordered with herbs, and green with water-cresses. As he grew older he wandered off into the forest. The thick roof of branches was musical with birds, squirrels sat with raised paws chirping merrily, and swarms of insects danced in the light that wakened them into life. The trees shared the deep contentment which filled his spirit, and the sun looked in from the blue sky and blessed him. Every thing was tranquil—the mossy rocks, the trunks of fallen trees twisting their dark roots to which the earth still clung. He trod softly lest he should disturb the wren as she dipped her bill in the water. Other boys saw this as well as he, but not as he, for he was a poet; nor did he see it in its finest sense until his vision had been sharpened by Wordsworth. He walked no more through the woods and on the hills as in a great gallery of pictures; he was in a world of vital forms and forces. He had read the letter before, now he felt the spirit. So the boy ripened into the youth, who in his sixteenth year was sent to Williams College. He devoted himself to classical learning, in which he was already well grounded, and spent his leisure hours in rambling among the Berkshire Hills, which commence in the neighborhood of Williamstown. He had the same love of water as the young Shelley, who about this time was sailing his paper boats at Oxford; and, as he wandered at home by the rivulet and the Westfield, he now wandered along Green River, which came stealing up from the south around the mountain bases until it mingled its waters with those of the Housatonic. He loved the seclusion of the glens and valleys through which it flowed, and the forests and hills which shaded its western bank. He knew it was good to be there, and wished that fate had left him free to wander forever there with the river,

"Till the eating cares of life should depart,
And the peace of the scene pass into my heart;
And I envy thy stream, as it glides along,
Through its beautiful banks in a trance of song."

Other memories than those of woodland walks characterized the college days of Bryant, who recalled one of them on a public occasion fifty years after his entrance. It was concerning a book which had then just been published in New York, and which we now see is a prominent landmark in early American literature—*Knickerbocker's History of New York.* Our poetical student obtained a copy, and learned by heart a portion of it to repeat as a declamation before his class, but he was so overcome with laughter when he appeared upon the floor that he was unable to proceed, and drew upon himself the rebuke of his teacher. At the end of two years he obtained an honorable discharge, intending to complete his studies at Yale, but the idea was abandoned. It was necessary that he should adopt a profession, and as it would have been madness for him to think of living by poetry, he determined to study law. He returned to Cummington before proceeding to do so, and instead of bidding his Muse farewell, as Sir William Blackstone had done, he fortified himself for his grave pursuit by writing a poem which the world will not willingly let die. It was written in his eighteenth year, and, if my memory of poetry is not at fault, it is the most remarkable poem that ever was written by a young man of that age. It could only have been written in America. Its central thought, the universality and antiquity of death, demanded the background of a continent for its illustration, and the flight of untold centuries for its contemplation. I do not see how it could possibly have been suggested by the burial-places of Europe, which are modern in comparison with those of the New World, itself the sepulchre of races long since extinct. History has preserved neither their names nor their deeds. We can imagine whence they came, and whither they went, but knowledge of them we have none. The pall of darkness covers them. No European poet has added a thought to Gray's famous "Elegy," and no writer has pointed out, so far as I know, that it is a purely literary production. It may have been conceived in the church-yard at Stoke-Pogis, but Gray was delivered of it in his study after seven years' labor. There is scarcely an image or an epithet in it which can not be traced to other poets, and its natural descriptions are eminently bookish. Its reflections are natural and just, but not original, and the vanished ones who are recalled to mind are merely such as were native to the place. The narrowness of the poet's sympathy adds to the pathos of the poem, perhaps, but it circumscribes our interest. What are the rude forefathers of the hamlet beside the patriarchs of the infant world—

"The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,
Fair forms and hoary seers of ages past"—

with whom we shall lie down in one mighty sepulchre? What in all literature is more impressive than this stately and solemn passage:

"The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone."

This has become hackneyed through school-books and the recitations of school-boys, but it is noble writing, and for all time.

"Ye wrangling courts and stubborn law,
To smoke and crowds and cities draw,"

sang Blackstone; and to these the author of "Thanatopsis" soon departed, leaving the MS. of his immortal poem in the old homestead. It was found by his father, and shown to a lady of his acquaintance, with the remark, "Here are some lines that our William has been writing." She read them, and burst into tears, and Dr. Bryant paid the same tribute to the genius of his poet son. Where can the poem be published so as to attract the most attention? was a question which must have occurred to him, for it was clearly too good to come out in the Poet's Corner of a country newspaper; so he cast about in his mind until the establishment of the *North American Review*, when he sent it to the editors of that periodical. It was read, and its merits were discussed by a club who sat in judgment upon the manuscripts that were offered for publication therein, one of whom, Richard Henry Dana, a gentleman of a critical turn of mind, was slow to believe that it was written by an American. He was informed that the author was a member of the Massachusetts Senate, and he walked from his residence at Cambridge to Boston to see the remarkable man. A plain middle-aged person was pointed out to him, but he was so certain that *he* could not be the poet he was in search of that he returned without an introduction. "Thanatopsis" was published in the *North American Review* in 1816—an important year in the history of American literature, in that it determined that a poet had at last risen in the New World. How much or how little sensation "Thanatopsis" made when it appeared I have no means of knowing, but if I may judge by its influence upon subsequent poetry, it made a mark immediately. It certainly impressed the young versifiers of the period, to whom it was as great a revelation as Wordsworth had been to its author. They followed in the path he had struck out, but at an immeasurable distance behind him. Meanwhile he was studying the profession he had chosen at Washington, and afterward at Bridgewater, and was writing poetry in his intervals of leisure. His next poems were, "The Yellow Violet," which is a marvel of simple melody; "Inscription for the Entrance of a Wood," a reminiscence of the old forest at Cummington, where perhaps it was written; the song beginning, "Soon as the glazed and glancing snow;" and the memorable lines "To a Water-fowl." The last was written at Bridgewater, and was suggested by the sight of a solitary water-fowl flying toward the northwest at sunset. It is warmer in color than any of his previous poems, and its lesson is as impressive to-day as it was sixty years ago.

Mr. Bryant was admitted to the bar at Plymouth in his twenty-first year. He practiced law a year at Plainfield, near Cummington, and in the following year he removed to Great Barrington, in Berkshire. The little song that I have already mentioned contains a faint allusion to the tender passion:

"He sees what none but lover might,
The dwelling of his Genevieve."

Whether he had any Genevieve in mind, other than the lady in Coleridge's exquisite poem, is doubtful. There is certainly no feeling in it, and I suspect it was because the heart of the young lawyer had not been touched by any of the seaboard daughters of the Puritans. He found a Genevieve, however, at Great Barrington, in the person of Miss Frances Fairchild, whom he married in 1821.

The year 1821—the year of his marriage and of the death of his father—was a memorable one, in that it witnessed the birth of his noble poem, "The Ages," which was written for, and read before, the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, and the publication of the first collection of his poetical works. A young Englishman, one Thomas Babington Macaulay, of Trinity College, Cambridge, wrote during this year a prize poem, entitled "Evening," and it is instructive to compare his musical heroics with the stately Spenserian stanzas of "The Ages." It is still more instructive to compare the intellectual breadth, the philosophic grasp, and the picturesque imaginativeness of "The Ages" with the unique intensity of "Thanatopsis." Nine years had elapsed since this glorious boy-poem was written, but they were years that brought the philosophic mind. Reading his poems in the order in which they were composed, we detect his growth as a poet and a man. He began by painting nature in masses, but, as he went on, details were scrutinized carefully and introduced into his pictures, commencing with the "Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood." Never before was forest scenery painted so well, nor its ministrations to most minds so clearly interpreted. It is a sketch, however, beside "A Winter Piece," which has always seemed to me the only perfect poem of the kind in the language. Thus far he has chiefly distinguished himself as a painter. In "A Walk at Sunset," while he is still a painter, he is a historian. He has found the clew which slipped through the fingers of Freneau and Dwight, who were not great enough to follow whither it led, and has come upon a new world in the old world of the Indians. He is the first poet to understand the value of the Indians as a factor in American poetry. Campbell flattered himself that he understood it when he wrote "Gertrude of Wyoming," which was published in the same year as "The Embargo," but he was mistaken, as every American who has read the poem knows. The atmosphere of it is false and unreal, though the sketches of the Indian chief Outalissi,

"The stoic of the woods, the man without a tear,"

is vigorously drawn. Mr. Bryant was the earliest to perceive that it was only as a glimpse of remote antiquity the Indian life was poetical, and he referred to it incidentally, as he might have referred to shapes of mist rising softly in the distance. He casts a rapid glance at the hunter tribes and their deeds in the chase and well-fought wars:

"I stand upon their ashes in thy beam,
The offspring of another race, I stand,
Beside a stream they loved, this valley stream;
And where the night fire of the quivered band
Showed the gray oak by fits, and war-song rung,
I teach the quiet shades the strains of this new song."

The Indian element, if I may use the phrase, increased in vividness as Mr. Bryant continued his poetic studies, and shaped itself next into "The Indian Girl's Lament." The tone of this poem is exquisite, the details are in perfect keeping, and the general effect a curious blending of the lovely and the pathetic. It was followed by "An Indian Story," "An Indian at the Burial-Place of his Fathers," and "Monument Mountain"—three characteristic poems, which commemorate his residence at Great Barrington, and make the valleys and hills of Berkshire classic ground. They are unmatched and unmatchable for manliness of thought, dignity of language, and picturesqueness of expression. He revisits the homestead, and, strolling by the rivulet, recalls the years that have flown

"Since first a child, and half afraid,
I wandered in the forest shade."

The same sweet sounds that his childhood heard are in his ears; the waters run with their old sparkling light; but the grave stranger there

"Has scarce a single trace of him
Who sported once upon thy brim."

He has tried the world, and the coloring of romance is gone. But nature has kept the truths she promised him; for

"The radiant beauty shed abroad
On all the glorious works of God
Shows freshly to my sobered eye
Each charm it wore in days gone by."

Then he anticipates the time when he shall look his last on the brook, which, dim to his eyes, will flow as brightly as of old; and when he is sleeping by her side, and generations have come and gone, it will go on and on:

"Amid young flowers and tender grass
Thy endless infancy shall pass;
And, singing down thy narrow glen,
Shall mock the fading race of men."

Man has been taken to his heart with a more humane sympathy than was his when he conceived "Thanatopsis." He has learned the lesson of an old man's funeral—a neighbor of the family, no doubt—and in his walks on the hills north of the homestead he has searched for two humble graves, which he remembered were once there, and, since he can not find them, he will consecrate the memory of their occupants in his poetry. Such was the intellectual biography of Mr. Bryant until his thirty-first year, when he removed to New York, and when his career as a man of letters and a man of affairs commenced.

There was beginning to be a demand for literature, and it came, of course, from our great cities, the most metropolitan of which was New York. It was the best place that an author could have selected for a home fifty or sixty years ago, as Mr. Bryant found when he was fairly settled in it. His first literary enterprise was the *New York Review*, a scholarly periodical, which was enriched with his poetry, as well as that of his friend Dana; his second was his editorial connection with the *Evening Post.*

The *New York Review* was speedily gathered to the limbo of extinct periodicals. Nothing daunted by its fate, he took part in a similar work, the *United States Review*, in which he had the honor—for it was one—of publishing Halleck's noble poem of "Burns." Mr. Astor's clerk took kindly to the Massachusetts editor, whom he used to meet, no doubt, among the wits at Eastburn's rooms. "I have an epistle in verse from an old gentleman to the Recorder," he said, one day, "which, if you please, I will send to you for the *Evening Post.* It is all in my head, and you shall have it as soon as I have written it out." In due time the epistle appeared. It was addressed to the Recorder, Mr. Richard Riker, whom it bantered pleasantly—why, I have forgotten, if I ever knew. It was so popular that when it was out of print it was copied and handed round in manuscript.

In 1832 Mr. Bryant published the second collection of his poems. Eleven years had now passed since the publication of his first collection, and they had not been wasted intellectually, notwithstanding the legal and literary drudgery with which they had been crowded. We find, as might have been expected, new elements in the poetry that Mr. Bryant wrote during this period of his life. To his love of nature, which was as fervent as of old, was added a wider range of human sympathies than marked his early verse, and greater imaginativeness of language. I should select as an example of this last quality the "Hymn to the North Star," which is of imagination all compact. I should select "A Forest Hymn" for its solemn grandeur and religious emotion, and "June" for its exquisite simplicity and pathos. I should select "The Disinterred Warrior" as a manly plea for the graves of the red men; "A Scene on the Hudson" as a lovely picture of a Sabbath day; "The Past" as the tenderest and loftiest rendering of

"The dark backward and abysm of time;"

and "The Prairies" as a masterpiece of natural description and historic reflection. Nor should I omit the translations which follow, and show the extent and variety of Mr. Bryant's scholarship during this busy period. They are from the Greek, the Spanish, the French, the Portuguese, and old Provençal languages, and are notable transfusions of their originals.

Among the motives which impel men to travel, two, I suppose, predominate—the desire to see other countries than those they are familiar with, and the desire to see their fellow-creatures of other races. One might have predicted that so ardent a worshipper of nature as Mr. Bryant would be a traveller when circumstances should permit, and that he would study foreign manners and governments in order to increase his general knowledge of man. He was possessed of the passion which haunted the mind of Schiller just before his death, and which led him in thought

"To wander forth wherever lie
The homes and haunts of humankind."

The world of to-day is not the world that Mr. Bryant saw in intervals of travel between his fortieth and sixtieth year, and if one wishes to know what it was during that time, he can not do better than to look over his two volumes of letters. He was at home wherever he went, and was interested in all he saw—a close observer, of a philosophic turn of mind. I love to think of him taking his pleasure in foreign lands, but I do not like to think of him chained to his desk so many years in the editorial office of the *Evening Post.* I know something of journalism, in a mild way, and I know that he could not really have liked it. At his best, a journalist is not an author; at his worst, he is a miserable pettifogger, whose business it is to set men by the ears. If law is the scrawling of strange words with a barbarous pen, what, pray, is political journalism? That in becoming a political writer Mr. Bryant was actuated by a strong sense of duty, I have no doubt, and that he ranked among the ablest political writers of his time is certain. He carried conscience into his work, and was respected accordingly. He was an intelligent lover of his country, not merely because it was his country, but because it was the land in which the free spirit of mankind had thrown off its last fetters. He is the most American of poets in his devotion to Freedom, which was not to him, as to the youthful Milton, a mountain nymph, but a stern, bearded man, armed to the teeth, his brow scarred with the tokens of old wars, and his limbs strong with struggling. His conception of Freedom has always seemed to me the noblest in all poetry; and how admirable is his impersonation of America as the mother of a mighty race!

"Power at thy bounds
Stops and calls back his baffled hounds."

When our civil war began he sounded a bugle call to his countrymen, and when it was finished he rejoiced over the death of the great Wrong that had provoked it.

The lives of most poets are uneventful, and Mr. Bryant's was no exception to the rule. I might continue to give dates in connection therewith, as, that he published "The Fountain and Other Poems" in 1842, "The White-footed Deer" in 1844, *Letters of a Traveller* in 1850, *Thirty Poems* in 1864, *Letters from the East* in 1869, his translations of the Iliad and Odyssey in 1870 and 1871, and *Orations and Addresses* in 1873. I might also mention the different years in which he visited England, Egypt, Cuba, etc. Chronology is easy enough, but it is not biography, as I understand it, and I shall not pursue it here. What I wish to do is to pay my humble tribute to the memory of a great poet, and to submit my understanding of his genius. His temperament led him to the contemplation of serious things. Life and death were his themes of meditation in youth. The boy-poet who wrote "Thanatopsis" at eighteen was the father of the old man who wrote "The Flood of Years" at eighty-two. His poetry has been called cold. Mr. Lowell had something to say on that point in his "Fable for Critics," in which he compared him to an iceberg that never is ignified.

"Unqualified merits, I'll grant, if you choose, he has 'em,
But he lacks the one merit of kindling enthusiasm;
If he stir you at all, it is just, on my soul,
Like being stirred up with the very north pole."

Mr. Bryant's poetry stirs me, if I may be said to be stirred by grave emotion and unshed tears. I hear through it, as through no other poetry,

"The still, sad music of humanity."

It is too large to be tumultuous. Nature seems to have translated herself in it, and when I read it I think of a tremendous line of Blake's,

"I hear the father of the ancient men."

The coldness which I do not find in Mr. Bryant's poetry, existed, I have been told, in his bearing toward his fellow-men. I never felt it myself when I was with him; I felt that he was shy and retiring, averse from hasty expression of feeling, and self-contained, as a great poet should be. He

did not wear his heart on his sleeve, and he never let his right hand know what his left hand did. That he was social his whole life proved. When he first came to New York his society was sought by men of his own profession, who met at a club which Cooper had established at his own house, and by the best artists in the city. He was drawn to artists by his knowledge of nature. When his friend Cole died, he was chosen to pronounce his funeral oration before the National Academy. When Cooper died, he delivered a discourse on his life, genius, and writings at Metropolitan Hall. When Irving died, he delivered a similar discourse at the Academy of Music. When Halleck and Verplanck died, he read papers upon them before the Historical Society. That he understood and appreciated his distinguished friends was evident in those admirable eulogies, which are models of what such productions should be—just, generous, and thoughtful. His critical insight was as sure in judging of the intellects of others as in judging of his own. He made no mental mistakes, but always came up to the standard of himself. He honored whatever was honorable in man and excellent in art. He was the first American poet, as I have said, and he saw, if not the birth of American Art, that promising stripling in its pinafore. Old New York artists tell of a "Sketch Club" which flourished years ago, and was the germ of the "Century," into which it so royally expanded. He belonged to the "Sketch Club," as he did to the "Century," whose president he was.

The life of Mr. Bryant was one that I wish all poets could lead, it was so well ordered, so careful, and so dignified. Whatever anxieties the *res angusta domi* may have caused him in early manhood, he was singularly prosperous for a poet. He did not have to learn, as so many do, the mournful lesson which Dr. Johnson puts so tersely:

> "Slow rises worth, by poverty depressed."

The ills which assail the lives of scholars passed him by. His life was fortunate, not only in the material things for which we strive, but in the spiritual things for which we ought to strive. His first ambition was to be a poet; the hope of it brought the blood into his boyish cheeks as he wandered by the rivulet in his father's grounds, and filled his mind with solemn thoughts. He was constant to this ambition, and to the lofty ideal which he created for himself. Poetry with him was the highest expression of the intellect. He was above schools of poetry; he saw them rise and flourish and fall while he sung. He was never uneasy about himself, but went on his way calmly, seeing lesser poets shoot past him without emotion, or with such emotion as lurks in a sardonic smile. He was certain of his greatness, as certain as Wordsworth and Milton were of theirs, and the world has ratified the verdict in his case as in theirs. He might have said of his verse, as Shakspeare said of his,

> "Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
> Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme."

About the time when Squire Snell was building the old homestead at Cummington, one Richard Kirk, a Quaker, was building a great square dwelling-house at Roslyn, on Long Island. It stood, and stands, at the foot of a woody hill, which shelters it on the east, facing Hempstead harbor, which has here the appearance of a lake, bordered as it is with trees, through which are seen cottages and farm-houses. An artificial pond, drawn from the abundance of springs on the hill, lies between the house and the edge of the harbor, from which it is divided by an embankment clothed with shade trees and shrubbery. Friend Kirk was gathered to his fathers, and other Friends occupied his dwelling. At last came a historian, to whom its extreme simplicity was displeasing, and who surrounded it by square columns and a wide piazza. Shut in by trees and vines, it is such a home as we love to fancy a poet in; and it is no wonder, therefore, that it came into the possession of our poet after the old homestead was sold. He called it Cedarmere, from the redundancy of cedars on the grounds, and made it his summer home. He gave us a glimpse of it in the charming poem that he wrote on his serene old age:

> "On my cornice linger the ripe black grapes ungathered;
> Children fill the groves with the echoes of their glee,
> Gathering tawny chestnuts, and shouting when beside them
> Drops the heavy fruit of the tall black-walnut-tree."

It was a kindly autumn that dealt mercifully with the growths of summer, and the old poet prayed that life would deal as mercifully by him:

> "Dreary are the years when the eye can look no longer
> With delight on Nature, or hope on humankind;
> O may those that whiten my temples as they pass me
> Leave the heart unfrozen, and spare the cheerful mind."

Such was our greatest poet, William Cullen Bryant.

THE EUROPEAN CONGRESS.

A Congress of eminent statesmen is necessarily interesting, and all the world will watch with eagerness the deliberations of Bismarck, Schouvaloff, Beaconsfield, and their associates, of the political leaders of the European states engaged upon a new reconstruction of the map of Europe. A Congress is so infinitely better than a war that philanthropy and intelligence unite in seeing in its assembling the triumph of good sense. In some respects its composition is defective. The liberal and higher element of English politics will not be there. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, or even Lord Derby, would add a more national tone to the English deputation. Toryism, a dead conservatism, is not the natural condition of the Anglo-Saxon intellect to-day, any more than it was a hundred years ago, when it drove England into its war with America. But with Prince Bismarck time has brought a strong Protestant impulse that places him far in advance of the reactionary faction, and M. Waddington is a republican. It is at least a more humane, a more intelligent Congress than that which assembled in 1815 to suppress progress, condemn knowledge, and create a "Holy Alliance."

The Congress of Vienna (1815) was not without its progressive element. It declared the abolition of the slave-trade "one of the noblest monuments of the age which embraced it," it provided for the free navigation of rivers, threw open the Danube and the Rhine, revived Switzerland, proclaimed amnesty for Poland. But it was over bleeding and wasted Europe that the Congress of Vienna ruled with a remorseless hand. Its members were as eminent in their day as are the members summoned to Berlin. England sent two of its most famous names, but not its most intellectual, and Wellington and Castlereagh could only represent a dull policy of repression. From Austria came Metternich, chief of conservatives; from France Talleyrand, the wonderful talker; Russia, among others, sent Nesselrode; Prussia, Humboldt and Hardenberg. Eight powers were represented, and the map of Europe was restored, with little care for the welfare of its people. Austria held Lombardy and Venice. The Pope received again the States of the Church, with unlimited power; the Bourbons went back to Naples, France, Spain; Austria ruled in the German Diet, where Prussia held yet only a modest place. It is impossible to deny industry and a certain intelligence to this age of diplomacy, which laid down the boundaries even of Bosnia and Dalmatia, defined the rations the troops were to receive in France, declared that the tallow candles of the officers should be eight to a pound, and fixed their tobacco for every month. An endless series of treaties was completed between all the European states; their provisions would fill great volumes; the minute details reach even to the smallest towns and villages. Every thing seemed provided for except the interests of the masses. A stern and rigid rule of castes and despots followed the fierce period of discord which had nearly made Europe free. Talleyrand, Metternich, Wellington, had woven a net-work of despotic governments, and hoped to hold in chains the ever-advancing mind.

One of the fruits of the Congress of Vienna was the Holy Alliance. At Paris in September, 1815, the rulers of Austria, Prussia, and Russia signed secretly a memorable instrument. Francis, Frederick William, and Alexander were evidently enthusiasts in their own cause, and fancied themselves endowed by a Divine commission with the charge of European affairs. They declare that they are "brothers;" they profess the spirit of fraternity, and promise to defend each other against every foe; "they will remain united by the bonds of a true and undissoluble fraternity," they say; they are the heads of "one family;" they intend to rule only by the principles of the Christian religion; and they invite all other powers to join them in their holy league. To the Prince Regent, afterward George IV., they address an invitation that he could scarcely resist, yet was unable to accept. "Sir, our brother and cousin," wrote Francis, Frederick, and Alexander, to the profligate prince, "the events which have afflicted the world for more than twenty years have convinced us that the only means of putting an end to them is to be found in the most free and most intimate union between the sovereigns whom Divine Providence has placed over the heads of the peoples of Europe." It was the league of the kings against the people, a pledge to check revolution and destroy progress. It is well known how the people every where accepted the challenge of the kings, how America replied to the Holy Alliance by Webster's sonorous periods, and how reform in every land refused to listen to the mandates of Metternich and Talleyrand. Religiou blushed at the tyranny erected in its name, and humanity wept over the sorrows of the people.

The Holy Alliance was soon followed by a rising wave of progress. Within ten years all Spanish South America was in revolt against Spain; within fifteen France had expelled its Bourbon, and England, amidst a general rising of its people, had passed a reform bill. The tide of democracy swept away the strongest defenses of the despotic sovereigns. At last came the general dethronement of 1848, the fall of the kings, the enfranchisement of nations; almost as if in mockery of the Congress of 1815, and the bold despotism of the three emperors, Berlin and Vienna defied their sovereigns, and the Holy Alliance perished amidst the reign of a general progress. No second Congress of Vienna has ever assembled; the European sovereigns have learned to trust to the intelligent people; education, universal suffrage, a general improvement, have followed the fall of the autocrats, and in the midst of many evils, of many disappointments, no one can doubt that humanity and tolerance have never ceased to advance.

The Crimean war brought on another Congress almost European. It wanted, however, the trait of universality. Napoleon III., who, with extraordinary success, aspired to lead the European counsels, drew England into hostilities with Russia, carried off the glory of the contest, and found himself in 1856 the acknowledged dispenser of peace or war. At his nod the nations trembled. London was often in dread lest its Gallic ally should seriously meditate a sack of the mighty capital, and *Punch*, in animated portraits, has preserved the comic terrors of his countrymen. The Crimean war had been undertaken, it was claimed, to defend the independence of Turkey. This was, according to the English view, its only purpose. Said Queen Victoria to her Parliament, March 28, 1854, "her determination was to employ the power and resources of the nation" in defense of Turkey against Russia. Turkey was saved, Russia beaten, but the chief result to Europe was the elevation of France to a virtual dictatorship. A general Congress was held, Turkey was admitted into the "European system," a part of its debt was guaranteed by France and England, the Black Sea was closed to ships of war, and in March, 1856, the Treaty of Paris confirmed Napoleon in the leadership of the European sovereigns. Still he was not satisfied, and he still entertained the project of a more general Congress that might put an end to all future wars by a new arrangement of the map of Europe. Possibly the frontier of France might be extended to the Rhine, and its supremacy assured by a new distribution of territory.

In November, 1863, Napoleon pressed his project upon his ally the Queen of England. "Madam, my sister," he wrote, "In the face of the events which daily arise, I deem it my duty to impart my whole thought to the sovereigns to whom the destiny of nations is confided." He points to the broken stipulations of the Congress of Vienna, and invites the "princes" of Europe to Paris to "lay the basis of a general pacification." But the Queen, or rather Lord John Russell, gently evaded the dangerous invitation, no princes were lured into the shining net, and Napoleon saw with no satisfaction his armies expelled from Mexico by a people he feared, and Germany roused to new energy by the rise of Prussia. From 1863 to 1870 many new treaties were formed, many changes took place in the map of Europe, but in few of these did the hand of the French Emperor appear. His authority was shaken. The reverse in Mexico had shown his weakness; the hostility of Germany guarded the borders of the Rhine. The next, the latest, Congress marks his overthrow. And it was after the fatal fall of the French dictatorship and of the union of England and France that Russia demanded the control of the Black Sea and the abrogation of the treaty of 1856. England yielded in part to the demands of the Czar, and in March, 1871, a treaty was signed at London by all the great powers of Europe, rescinding the restrictions imposed upon Russia by the Crimean war.

Since 1871 the map of Europe has been once more wholly changed. The autocracy of France and England has been overthrown, the rise of a new empire in the heart of the Continent has fixed the seat of power in the Teuton and the Sclave, and the German Emperor, sustained by his educated people, seems intrusted with a more solid and rational authority than has been known in Europe since the reign of Trajan and Marcus Aurelius. But it is the chief trait of the new condition of Europe that all its governments, except, perhaps, Russia and Turkey, are founded upon the will of the people. No sovereign claims, as in the days of the Holy Alliance, to be a Divinely appointed, infallible autocrat. No king, prince, or pope but bows, like the Roman consul, before the majesty of the people; his lictors veil their rods, his authority is borrowed. Representative assemblies have taken the place of privileged councils; in every capital of Europe the tribune confronts the dictator.

The Congress of Berlin (1878) will be the most important since the Congress of Vienna (1815), and a recent and startling event may lend a deeper interest to its discussions. No man has deserved better the affections of Germany than the Emperor William, yet twice his life has been attempted. But whether Socialists, ultramontanes, or madmen, his foes represent the dead cruelty of the Middle Ages rather than the softer impulses of an age of light. The people of Germany will defend their Emperor and friend. His only foe is blind fanaticism. Let rulers trust the people, and Europe will follow its Congress in the paths of peace. Another Holy Alliance would prove only a vain appeal against the swift growth of knowledge.

Eugene Lawrence.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

In the death of Professor Henry, to which allusion has already been made in our columns, America loses her most eminent scientific representative, and almost the last of the band who, commencing their career in the earlier years of the century, trained a large number of disciples to follow in their footsteps. Other names are Robert Hare, Benjamin Silliman, A. D. Bache, John Torrey, Jared P. Kirtland, etc., all of them living to a ripe old age, and leaving behind them a memory of at least half a century of patience and endurance in serving the cause of science.

As there is scarcely a paper in the United States which has not contained some biographical or personal notice of Professor Henry, it is not necessary to give here any facts in regard to his career, his life, first at Albany, then at Princeton, and then at Washington as the honored head of the Smithsonian Institution, having been fully presented to the public. A single point, however, may be mentioned in regard to his age. The notices in the encyclopedias give the year of his birth as 1797, which is believed to be a mistake, 1799 being the corrected date. It is understood that the authorities of the Smithsonian Institution are engaged in preparing a complete bibliography of Professor Henry's writings and publications, with the intention of reprinting them in a compact form.

The Cincinnati Society of Natural History, one of the most prosperous and well-endowed establishments of the kind in the country, proposes hereafter to publish a quarterly journal, each number to contain forty-eight pages, with necessary illustrations. This will be occupied by notices of the proceedings of societies, and with scientific communications. All new species are to be figured, and it is expected that many recent and fossil invertebrates will thus be illustrated.

Professor Cope has recently investigated the fossil vertebrates of the Permian formation of the United States, and revealed the existence of a fauna previously entirely unknown. He has described about fifty species, which are mostly air-breathers, chiefly reptiles and labyrinthodonts. The reptiles are remarkable for having more or less of the fetal chorda dorsalis remaining, while their teeth and limbs possessed a completeness exceeding that seen in living reptiles. The ossified parts of the vertebræ display a remarkable segmentation, and some strange elements of structure previously little or not at all known. The teeth show that some were of herbivorous habits, and others carnivorous. The previously known relations of these forms had been found in the Ural Mountains, and Cape Colony, South Africa.

The friends of Professor Schwann, the eminent Belgian physiologist, propose to celebrate the fortieth year of his service as professor, first in the University of Louvain and then in that of Liege, by placing a marble bust in the latter university, to be dedicated with appropriate ceremony.

Desirous of giving an international character to this tribute, invitations have been extended to the heads of the various universities and learned institutions throughout the world, asking for a contribution of a photograph with an autograph, for the purpose of combination in an album to be presented to Professor Schwann on the same occasion.

Any communications on this subject should be addressed to Professor Van Benéden, University of Liege.

Professor Wolfers, editor of the *Jahrbuch*, and for many years connected with the Berlin Observatory, died in that city April 22, at the age of seventy-five.

The authorities of the Johns Hopkins University propose to establish a laboratory for the study of marine zoology at Fort Wool, on the Rip Raps, near Fortress Monroe, the use of the War Department buildings having been granted by the Secretary of War. The necessary apparatus for securing and studying the marine animals—such as nets, dredges, microscopes, tables, etc.—will be furnished by the university. The establishment will be opened about the 15th of June, and continue in operation for about two months. The charges to students will be moderate. Any desired information can be obtained from Professor Brooks, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.

M. Ferdinand Hoffner, editor of the *Biographie Général*, published by Firmin Didot, and author of most of the scientific memoirs contained therein, died at Seine-et-Oise on the 8th of May, at the age of sixty-eight.

The durability of timber used in the construction of the ancient Roman houses, especially where imbedded in mortar, has long been a matter of interest to engineers. But it appears from late observations that this character is not possessed equally by all kinds of wood. In the earlier days chestnut was used for this purpose, the basis of the mortar being a pozzolano or dry volcanic earth, which was substituted in Rome for the sand usually employed elsewhere for this purpose. In later years pine has been employed instead of chestnut, as being cheaper; but it appears that this is rotted very quickly with pozzolano mortar, suggesting the idea that pozzolano and pine wood have some affinity which involves the destruction of the woody fibre.

Judging from the absence of any recent announcement of a plan of ocean travel on the part of the "Woodruff Expedition," it appears that the French rival enterprise will probably have the start in getting under way, as it has been definitely announced that the steamer *Picardie*—a vessel of 1560 tons and 1000 horse-power—will leave Marseilles on the 30th of June, under the command of Lieutenant Biard. This is under the patronage of the French Society of Circumnavigation, organized with a somewhat similar object as the Woodruff Expedition, proposing to carry a number of students for purposes of entertainment and instruction. It is stated that the passenger list is very nearly filled.

Mr. T. T. Cooper, a British resident on the Irrawadi River, was lately assassinated by one of his Sepoy guards. He has an extensive record as an explorer and traveller, the details of which are found in a work not long since published by him, entitled *Travels by a Pioneer of Commerce*. In this are given his explorations in India, China, Australia, and elsewhere, yielding a large amount of geographical and statistical information; to be found also in the British official publications.

We have already referred to the *Naturhistoriche Verein* of Wisconsin as being the only purely scientific German society in the United States. The annual report of this body has lately appeared, and contains papers on the use of leaden pipes for conveying water, by Dr. Brendecke, and on the theory of design, by Professor Oldenbrage.

Among the most remarkable of the many wonderful acoustic instruments lately invented is the microphone, devised by Professor Hughes, the well-known inventor of the type-printing telegraph apparatus. This is to sound what the microscope is to vision, intensifying it to such a degree that what is otherwise inaudible will become painful in its distinctness. In one experiment the sound of the delicate rubbing of a fine camel's-hair pencil, or of a fly walking over a smooth surface of wood, was increased to such an extent as to be distressing to the ear.

The theory of this apparatus depends upon the fact that certain bodies appear to be sensitive to sounds in the same way that selenium is sensitive to light; or, in other words, if we place certain bodies in the circuit of a small battery, and subject them to sound vibrations, as in talking to them, the electric current, continually passing through it, will be so continuously modified by the voice that the object may be used for sending a message.

The apparatus lately exhibited by Professor Hughes before the Royal Society of London consisted of a glass tube about two inches long and a quarter of an inch in diameter, filled with four pieces of willow charcoal, the pores of which had been occupied by finely divided mercury, which is one of the several substances especially adapted to the purpose.

HALT, COSSACK!—SO

!—SO , BUT NO FARTHER!

AN INDISCRETION IN THE LIFE OF AN HEIRESS.

By THOMAS HARDY,

AUTHOR OF "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," "THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE," ETC.

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

"When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words,
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel."

THE congregation in Tollamore Church were singing the evening hymn, the people gently swaying backward and forward like trees in a soft breeze. The heads of the village children who sat in the gallery were inclined to one side as they uttered their shrill notes, their eyes listlessly tracing some crack in the old walls, or following the movement of a distant bough or bird with features rapt almost to painfulness.

In front of the children stood a thoughtful young man, plainly enough the school-master, and his gaze was fixed on a remote part of the aisle beneath him. When the singing was over, and all sat down for the sermon, his eyes still remained in the same place. There was some excuse for their direction, since it was in a straight line forward, but their fixity was only to be explained by some object before them. This was simply a square pew, containing one sitter only. But that sitter was a lady, and such a sweet lady was she!

Afternoon service in Tollamore parish was later than in many others in that neighborhood; and the rector's pulpit candles shone to the remotest nooks of the building as the darkness deepened during the progress of the sermon, till at length they became the sole lights of the congregation. The lady was the only person besides the preacher whose face was turned westward, the pew she occupied being the only one in the church in which the seat ran all round. She reclined in her corner, her dark dress growing by degrees invisible, and at last only her upturned face could be discerned—a solitary white spot against the black surface of the wainscot. Over her head rose a vast marble monument, erected to the memory of her ancestors, male and female, for she was one of high standing in that parish. The design consisted of a winged skull and two cherubs, supporting a pair of tall Corinthian columns, between which spread a broad slab containing the roll of names, lineages, and deeds, and surmounted by a pediment with the crest of the family at its apex.

As the youthful school-master gazed, and all these details became dimmer, her face was modified in his fancy, till it seemed almost to resemble the carved marble skull immediately above it. The thought was unpleasant enough to arouse him from his half-dreaming state, and he considered what a vast gulf lay between that lady and himself, what a wretched world it was to live in where such divisions could exist, and how painful was the evil when a man of no social standing was given a keen susceptibility of temperament.

That afternoon an emotion, which composed the young man's sole motive power through many following years, first arose and established itself in his breast. It was the second Sunday after Christmas, and he had lately come there to teach. This was the second time in his life that he had set eyes on the only daughter and heiress of the family at Tollamore House; the first was when he arrived, a week earlier, and had been obliged to take up his quarters in the mansion, because the school-house was not quite ready. She had spoken very kindly to him—almost with imprudent kindness; and his gaze at her during the church service was the result of their acquaintance.

Only once did she lift her eyes to where he sat, and it was when they all stood up before leaving. Her look of inward recognition led his feelings onward yet another stage. Admiration grew to be attachment, and he wished he might own her—not exactly as a wife, but as a superior to himself, as a servant may be said to own a master. He would have cared to possess her chiefly in order to exhibit her glories to the world; for at that time he did not think much about her loving him.

There were two other stages in his course of love, but they were not reached till some time later. The first was a change from this proud desire to a longing to cherish; the last stage, later still, was when her very defects became rallying points for defense, when all the senses became special pleaders for her, and that not through blindness, but from a tender inability to do aught else than defend her against all the world.

CHAPTER II.

"She was active, stirring, all fire—
Could not rest, could not tire—
Never in all the world such an one!
And here was plenty to be done,
And she that could do it, great or small,
She was to do nothing at all."

FIVE mornings later the same young man was looking out of the window of Tollamore village school in a fixed and absent manner. The weather was exceptionally mild, though scarcely to the degree which would have justified his airy situation at such a month of the year. A hazy light spread through the air, the landscape on which his eyes were resting being enlivened and lit up by the spirit of an unseen sun rather than by its direct rays. Every sound could be heard for miles. There was a great crowing of cocks, bleating of sheep, and cawing of rooks, which proceeded from all points of the compass, rising and falling as the origin of each sound was near or far away. There were also audible the voices of people in the village, interspersed with hearty laughs, the bell of a distant flock of sheep, a robin close at hand, vehicles in the neighboring roads and lanes. One of these latter noises grew gradually more distinct, and proved itself to be rapidly nearing the school. The young man blushed as he heard it.

"Suppose it should be!" he said to himself.

He had said the same thing at every such noise that he had heard during the foregoing week, and had been mistaken in his hope. But this time a certain carriage did appear in answer to his expectation. He came from the window hastily, and in a minute a footman knocked and opened the school-room door.

"Miss Allenville wishes to speak to you, Mr. Mayne."

The school-master went to the porch—what a young man he was to be called a school-master!—his heart beating with excitement.

"Good-morning," she said, with a confident yet girlish smile. "My father expects me to inquire into the school arrangements, and I wish to do so on my own account as well. May I come in?"

She entered as she spoke, telling the coachman to drive to the village on some errand, and call for her in half an hour.

Mayne could have wished that she had not been so thoroughly free from all apparent consciousness that they had met before; that he was considerably more of a man than the small persons by whom the apartment was mainly filled; that he was as nearly as possible at her own level in age, as wide in sympathies, and possibly more inflammable in heart; but he was not in a position to remark upon such matters as those. When he had explained to her a few details of routine, she moved away from him round the school.

He turned and looked at her as she stood among the children. To his eyes her beauty was indescribable. Before he had met her he had scarcely believed that any woman in the world could be so lovely. The clear deep eyes, full of all tender expressions; the fresh, subtly curved cheek, changing its tones of red with the fluctuation of each thought; the ripe tint of her delicate mouth, and the indefinable line where lip met lip; the noble bend of her neck, the wavy lengths of her dark brown hair, the soft motions of her bosom when she breathed, the light fall of her little feet, the elegant contrivances of her attire—all struck him as something he had dreamed of and was not actually seeing. Geraldine Allenville was, in truth, very beautiful; she was a girl such as his eyes had never elsewhere beheld, and her presence here before his face kept up a sharp struggle of sweet and bitter within him.

He had thought at first that the flush on her face was caused by the fresh air of the morning; but as it quickly changed to a lesser hue, it occurred to him that it might possibly have arisen from shyness at meeting him. Be that as it might, their conversation, which at first consisted in bald sentences divided by wide intervals of time, became more frequent, and at last continuous. He was painfully soon convinced that her tongue never would have run so easily as it did had it not been that she thought him an innocent nobody on whom she could vent her ideas without reflection or punctiliousness—a thought perhaps expressed to herself by such words as, "I will say what I like to him, for he is only our school-master."

"And you have chosen to keep a school," she went on, with a shade of mischievousness in her tone, looking at him as if she thought that, had she been in his place, she would have done something much better. She was so young as to habitually think thus of other persons' courses.

"No," he said, simply; "I don't choose to keep a school in the sense you mean—choosing it from a host of pursuits, all equally possible."

"How came you here, then?"

"I fear more by chance than by aim."

"Then you are not very ambitious," she said, gayly.

"I have my ambitions, such as they are."

"I thought so. Every body has, nowadays. But it is a better thing not to be too ambitious, *I* think."

"If we value ease of mind, and take an economist's view of our term of life, it may be a better thing."

Having been tempted by his unexpectedly cultivated manner of speaking to say more than she had meant to say, she found it embarrassing either to break off or to say more, and in her doubt she stooped to kiss a little girl.

"Although I spoke lightly of ambition," she observed, without turning to him, "and said that easy happiness was worth most, I could defend ambition very well, and in the only pleasant way."

"And that way, madam?"

"On the broad ground of the loveliness of any dream about future triumphs. In looking back there is a pleasure in contemplating a time when some attractive thing of the future seemed possible, even though it never came to pass."

Mayne was puzzled to hear her talk in this tone of maturity. That such questions of success and failure should have occupied his own mind seemed natural, for they had been forced upon him by the difficulties he had encountered in his pursuit of a career. He was not just then aware how very unpractical the knowledge of this sage lady of seventeen really was, that it was merely caught up by intercommunication with people of culture and experience who had talked before her of their theories and beliefs till she had insensibly acquired their tongue.

The carriage was heard coming up the road. Mayne gave her the list of the children, their ages and other particulars, which she had called for, and she turned to go out. The roll of the wheels may or may not have reminded her of her position in relation to him. She said, bowing, and in a somewhat more distant tone, "We shall all be glad to learn that our school-master is so—nice; such a philosopher." But rather surprised at her own cruelty in uttering the latter words satirically, she added one of the sweetest laughs that ever came from lips, and said "Good-morning" in gentlest tones.

Mayne's heart, which had felt the rebuff, came round to her with a rush; he could have almost forgiven her for physically wounding him if she had asked him in such a tone not to notice it. He watched her out of sight, thinking in rather a melancholy mood how time would absorb all her beauty as the growing distance between them absorbed her form. He then went in, and endeavored to recall every word that he had said to her, troubling and racking his mind to the utmost of his ability about his imagined faults of manner. He remembered that he had used the indicative mood instead of the proper subjunctive in a certain phrase. He had given her to understand that an old idea he had made use of was his own, and so on through other particulars, each of which was an item of misery.

The place and the manner of her sitting were defined by the position of her chair, and by the books, maps, and prints scattered round it. Her "good-morning" he repeated to himself, ay, a hundred times; and though he knew the commonplace import of the words, he could not help toying with them, looking at them from all points, and investing them with extraordinary meanings.

CHAPTER III.

"But what is this? I turn about,
I find a trouble in thine eye."

EGBERT MAYNE, though at present filling the office of village school-master, had been intended for a less narrow path. His position at this time was entirely owing to the death of his father in embarrassed circumstances. The father had been a landscape and animal painter, and had settled in the village years before, where he set about improving his prospects by marrying a small farmer's daughter. The lad had been sent away from home at an early age to a good school, and had returned at seventeen to enter upon some professional life or other. But his father's health was at this time declining, and when he died, a year and a half later, nothing had been done for Egbert. He was now living with his maternal grandfather, Richard Broadford, the farmer, who was a tenant of Squire Allenville's. Egbert's ideas did not incline to painting, but he had ambitious notions of adopting a literary profession, or entering the Church, or doing something congenial to his tastes whenever he could set about it. But first it was necessary to read, mark, learn, and look around him; and a master being temporarily required for the school until such time as it should be placed under government inspection, he stepped in, and made use of the occupation as a stop-gap for a while.

He lived in his grandfather's farm-house, walking backward and forward to the school every day, that the old man, who would otherwise be living quite alone, might have the benefit of his society during the long winter evenings. Egbert was much attached to his grandfather, and indeed so were all who knew him. The old farmer's amiable disposition and kindliness of heart, while they kept him from enriching himself one shilling during the course of a long and laborious life, had also kept him clear of every arrow of antagonism. The house in which he lived was the same one that he had been born in, and was almost a part of himself. It had been built by his father's father, but on the dropping of the lives for which it was held, some twenty years earlier, it had lapsed to the squire.

Richard Broadford was not, however, dispossessed: after his father's death the family had continued as before in the house and farm, but as yearly tenants. It was much to Broadford's delight, for his pain at the thought of parting from those old sticks and stones of his ancestors, before it had been known if the tenure could be continued, was real and great.

On the evening of the day on which Miss Allenville called at the school Egbert returned to the farm-house as usual. He found his grandfather sitting with his hands on his knees, and showing by his countenance that something had happened to disturb him greatly. Egbert looked at him inquiringly and with some misgiving.

"I have got to go at last, Egbert," he said, in a tone intended to be stoical, but far from it. "He is my enemy, after all."

"Who?" said Mayne.

"The squire. He's going to take seventy acres of Neighbor Greenman's farm to enlarge the park; and Greenman's acreage is to be made up to him, and more, by throwing my farm in with his. Yes, that's what the squire is going to have done. . . . Well, I thought to have died here; but 'tisn't to be."

He looked as helpless as a child, for age had weakened him. Egbert endeavored to cheer him a little, for, vexed as the young man was, he thought there might yet be some means of tiding over this difficulty. "Mr. Allenville wants seventy acres more in his park, does he?" he echoed, mechanically. "Why can't it be taken entirely out of Greenman's farm? His is big enough, Heaven knows; and your hundred acres might be left you in peace."

"Well mayest say so! Oh, it is because he is tired of seeing old-fashioned farming like mine. He likes the young generation's steam and uproar."

"If I had only known this this afternoon," Egbert said.

"You could have done nothing."

"Perhaps not." Egbert was, however, thinking that he would have mentioned the matter to his visitor, and told her such circumstances as would have enlisted her sympathies.

"I thought it would come to this," said old Richard, vehemently. "The present Squire Allenville has never been any real friend to me. It was only through his wife that I have staid here so long. If it hadn't been for her, we should have gone the very year that my poor father died and the house fell into his hand. I wish we had, now. You see, now she's dead, there's nobody to counteract him in his schemes; and so I am to be swept away."

They talked on thus, and by bed-time the old man was in better spirits. But the subject did not cease to occupy Egbert's mind, and that anxiously. Were the house and farm which his grandfather had occupied so long to be taken away, Egbert knew it would affect his life to a degree out of all proportion to the seriousness of the event. The transplanting of old people is like the transplanting of old trees: a twelvemonth usually sees them wither and die away.

The next day proved that his anticipations were likely to be correct, his grandfather being so disturbed that he could scarcely eat or drink. The remainder of the week passed in just the same way. Nothing now occupied Egbert's mind but a longing to see Miss Allenville. To see her would be bliss; to ask her if any thing could be done by which his grandfather might retain the farm and premises would be nothing but duty. His hope of good results from the course was based on the knowledge that Allenville, cold and hard as he was, had some considerable affection for or pride in his daughter, and that thus she might influence him.

It was not likely that she would call at the school for a week or two at least, and Mayne therefore tried to meet with her elsewhere. One morning early he was returning from the remote hamlet of Hawksgate, on the further side of the parish, and the nearest way to the school was across the park. He read as he walked, as was customary with him, though at present his thoughts wandered incessantly. The path took him through a shrubbery running close up to a remote wing of the mansion. Nobody seemed to be stirring in that quarter, till, turning an angle, he saw Geraldine's own youthful figure close at hand, robed in fur, and standing at ease outside an open French casement.

She was startled by his sudden appearance, but her face soon betrayed a sympathetic remembrance of him. Egbert scarcely knew whether to stop or walk on, when, casting her eyes upon his book, she said, "Don't let me interrupt your reading."

"I am glad to have—" He stammered, and for the moment could get no further. His nervousness encouraged her to continue.

"What are you reading?" she said.

The book was, as may possibly be supposed by those who know the mood inspired by hopeless attachments, "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage"—a poem which at that date had never been surpassed in congeniality to the minds of young persons in the full fever of virulent love. He was reluctant to let her know this, but as the inquiry afforded him an opening for conversation, he held out the book, and her eye glanced over the page.

"Oh, thank you," she said, hastily. "I ought not to have asked that—only I am interested always in books. Is your grandfather quite well, Mr. Mayne? I saw him yesterday, and thought he seemed to be not in such good health as usual."

"His mind is disturbed," said Egbert.

"Indeed!—why is that?"

"It is on account of his having to leave the farm. He is old, and was born in that house."

"Ah, yes, I have heard something of that," she said, with a slightly regretful look. "Mr. Allenville has decided to enlarge the park. Born in the house, was he?"

"Yes; his grandfather built it. May I ask your opinion on the point, Miss Allenville? Don't you think it would be possible to enlarge the park without taking my grandfather's farm? Greenman has already five hundred acres."

She was perplexed how to reply, and evading the question, said, "Your grandfather much wishes to stay?"

"He does intensely—more than you can believe or think. But he will not ask to be let remain. I dread the effect of leaving upon him. If it were possible to contrive that he should not be turned out, I should be grateful indeed."

"I—I will do all I can that things may remain as they are," she said, with a deepened color. "In fact, I am almost certain that he will not have to go, since it is so painful to him," she added, in the sanguine tones of a child. "My father could not have known that his mind was so bent on staying."

Here the conversation ended, and Egbert went on with a lightened heart. Whether his pleasure arose entirely from having done his grandfather a good turn, or from the mere sensation of having been near her, he himself could hardly have determined.

CHAPTER IV.

"Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes."

Now commenced a period during which Egbert Mayne's emotions burst in a more unreasoning and wilder worship than at any other time of his life. The great condition of idealization in love was present here, that of an association in which, through difference in rank, the petty human elements that enter so largely into life are kept entirely out of sight, and there is hardly awakened in the man's mind a thought that they appertain to her at all.

He deviated frequently from his daily track to the spot where the last meeting had been, till, on the fourth morning after, he saw her there again; but she let him pass that time with a bare recog-

nition. Two days later the carriage drove down the lane to the village as he was walking away. When they met she told the coachman to stop.

"I am glad to tell you that your grandfather may be perfectly easy about the house and farm," she said, as if she took unfeigned pleasure in saying it. "The question of altering the park is postponed indefinitely. I have persuaded my father that it will not be desirable to do it at present."

"Thank you very warmly," said Egbert, so earnestly that she blushed crimson as the carriage rolled away.

The spring drew on, and he saw and spoke with her several times. In truth, he walked abroad much more than had been usual with him formerly, searching in all directions for her form. Had they not both been young and impressionable, had not her life dragged on as uneventfully as that of one in jail through her residing in a great house with no companion but an undemonstrative father, and, above all, had not Egbert been a singularly attractive young man of that distracting order of beauty which grows upon the feminine gazer with every glance, this tender waylaying would have made little difference to any body. But such was not the case. She had done Egbert a kindness, and the pleasure she took in the act for its own sake shed an interest upon the object of it. Moreover, it often happens that one deed of kindness casually performed gives a sense of proprietorship in its recipient, and a wish to still further establish that position by other deeds of the same sort.

In addition to this, Egbert's wild devotion became perceptible ere long even to her inexperienced eyes, and it was like a new world to Geraldine. At first she was almost frightened at the novelty of the thing. Then the fascination of the discovery caused her ready and receptive heart to palpitate in an ungovernable manner whenever he came near her. She was not in love herself, but she was so moved by the circumstance of his being in love that she could think of nothing else. His appearing at odd places startled her, and yet she rather liked that kind of startling. Too often her eyes rested on his face; too often her thoughts surrounded his figure and dwelt on his conversation.

One day, when they met on a bridge, they did not part till after a long and interesting conversation on books, in which many opinions of Mayne's (crude and unformed enough, it must be owned) that happened to be akin to Geraldine's set her glowing with ardor to unfold her own.

After any such meeting as this Egbert would go home and think for hours of her little remarks and movements. The day and minute of every accidental rencontre became registered in his mind with the indelibility of ink. Years afterward he could recall at a moment's notice that he saw her at eleven o'clock on the 3d of April, a Sunday; at four on Tuesday, the 12th; at a quarter to six on Thursday, the 28th; that on the 9th it rained at a quarter past two, when she was walking up the avenue; that on the 17th the grass was rather too wet for a lady's feet; and numerous other calendrical and meteorological facts of no great value either to science or history.

On a Tuesday evening, when they had had several conversations out-of-doors, she came to the school. A heavy rain had threatened to fall all the afternoon, and just as she entered it began. School hours were at that time over, but he waited a few moments before dismissing the children, to see if the storm would clear up. After looking round at the classes, and making sundry inquiries of the little ones in the usual manner of ladies who patronize a school, she came up to him.

"I listened outside before I came in," she said. "It was a great pleasure to hear the voices—three classes reading at three paces." She continued, with a laugh: "There was a rough treble voice bowling easily along, an ambling sweet voice, earnest about fishes in the sea, and a shrill voice spelling out letter by letter. Then there was a shuffling of feet—then you sang. It seemed quite a little poem."

"Yes," Egbert murmured. "But perhaps, like many poems, it was hard prose to the originators."

She remained, thinking, and Egbert looked out at the weather. Judging from the sky and wind that there was no likelihood of a change that night, he proceeded to let the children go. Miss Allenville assisted in wrapping up as many of them as possible in the old coats and other apparel which Egbert kept by him for the purpose. But she touched both clothes and children rather gingerly, and as if she did not much like the contact.

Mayne's sentiments toward her that evening were curious and changeful. Much as he loved her, his liking for the peasantry about him—his mother's ancestry—caused him somtimes a twinge of self-reproach for thinking of Geraldine so exclusively, and nearly forgetting all his old acquaintance, his neighbors, and his grandfather's familiar friends, with their rough but honest ways. To further complicate his feelings tonight, there was the sight, on the one hand, of the young lady with her warm rich dress and glowing future, and on the other of the weak little boys and girls—some only five years old, and none more than twelve—going off in their different directions in the pelting rain, many for a walk of more than two miles, with the certainty of being drenched to the skin, and no change of clothes when they reached their homes. He watched the rain spots thickening upon the faded frocks, worn-out tippets, yellow straw hats and bonnets, and coarse pinafores of his unprotected little flock as they walked down the path, and was reminded of the hopelessness of his attachment by perceiving how much more nearly akin was his lot to theirs than to hers.

Miss Allenville too was looking at the children, and unfortunately she chanced to say, as they toddled off, "Poor little wretches!"

A sort of despairing irritation at her remoteness from his plane, as implied by her pitying the children so unmercifully, impelled him to remark, "Say poor little *children*, madam."

She was silent—awkwardly silent.

"I suppose I must walk home," she said, when about half a minute had passed. "Nobody knows where I am, and the carriage may not find me for hours."

"I'll go for the carriage," said Egbert, readily.

But he did not move. While she had been speaking there had grown up in him a conviction that these opportunities of seeing her would soon necessarily cease. She would get older, and would perceive the incorrectness of being on friendly terms with him. He would have to engage in a more active career. Such ideas brought on an irresistible climax to an intense and long-felt desire. He had just reached that point in the action of passion upon mind at which it masters judgment.

It was almost dark in the room, by reason of the heavy clouds and the nearness of the night. But the fire had just flamed up brightly in the grate, and it threw her face and form into ruddy relief against the gray wall behind.

Suddenly rushing toward her he seized her hand before she comprehended his intention, kissed it tenderly, and clasped her in his arms. Her soft body yielded like wool under his embrace. As suddenly releasing her, he returned and went back to the other end of the room.

It seemed to Mayne, as he retired, that he had committed a crime. The madness of the action was apparent to him almost before it was completed. There seemed not a single thing left for him to do but to go into life-long banishment for such sacrilege. He faced round and regarded her. Her features were not visible enough to judge of their expression. All he could discern through the dimness and his own agitation was that for some time she remained quite motionless. Her state was one of suspension; like Ulysses before Melanthius, she

"entertained a breast
That in the strife of all extremes did rest."

In one, two, or five minutes—neither of them ever knew exactly how long—apparently without the motion of a limb, she glided noiselessly to the door and vanished.

Egbert leaned himself against the wall, almost distracted. He could see absolutely no limit to the harm he had done by his wild and unreasoning folly. "Am I a man to thus ill-treat the loveliest girl that ever was born? Sweet injured creature—how she will hate me!" These were some of the expressions that he murmured in the twilight of that lonely room.

Then he said that she certainly had encouraged him, or, at any rate, had not discouraged him. She had seen that he was always in search of her, and she did not put herself out of his way. He was sure that she liked him to admire her. "Yet no!" he murmured; "I will not excuse myself at all."

The night passed away miserably. One conviction by degrees overruled all the rest in his mind—that if she knew precisely how pure had been his longing to touch her, she could not think badly of him. His reflections resulted in a resolve to get an interview with her, and make his defense and explanation in full. The decision come to, his impatience could scarcely preserve him from rushing to Tollamore House, that very daybreak, and trying to get into her presence, though it was the likeliest of suppositions that she would never see him.

Every spare minute of the following days he hovered round the house in hope of obtaining a glimpse of her, but not once did she make herself visible. He delayed taking the extreme step of calling, till the hour came when he could delay no longer. On a certain day he rang the bell with a mild air, and disguised his feelings by looking as if he wished to speak to her merely on copy-books, slates, and other school matters, the school being professedly her hobby. He was told that Miss Allenville had gone on a visit to some relatives thirty-five miles off, and that she would probably not return for a month.

As there was no help for it, Mayne settled down to wait as he best could, not without many misgivings lest an action which a prompt explanation might have toned down and excused would now be the means of causing a total estrangement between them, till nothing could restore him to the place he had formerly held in her estimation. That she loved him, after all this, he did not hope or dream; and yet it was intense pain to him to be out of her favor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JUNE.

Saturday, 29.—St. Peter.
Sunday, 30.—Second Sunday after Trinity.

The work of revising the confessions of the Churches of the Reformed faith may now be said to have begun. On the 14th of May the committee appointed by the United Presbyterian Synod of Scotland to revise the subordinate standards of that Church made their report. They stated that what they offered was intended to supplement, but not to supplant, the Westminster Confession. Dr. Cairns, who explained the report in detail, in concluding his speech "expressed his sympathy with those who hoped that the Presbyterian Churches would shortly agree on shorter and simpler standards; but the committee had considered that at present the way was not clear for that." It is difficult to put in popular form the nice distinctions which this declaration undertakes to draw, but they may be stated thus: (1) God's offer of salvation is to all men without distinction. (2) The doctrine of the Divine decrees is held in harmony with the truth that "God will have all men to be saved." (3) The doctrine of total depravity is not held in such sense as to deny human responsibility. (4) It is not held that any one dying in infancy is lost, nor that heathen can not be saved "without the use of the ordinary means." (5) The Church renews its protest against all compulsion in religion. (6) The Church should be self-supporting, through the free-will offerings of the people. (7) Liberty of opinion is allowed on such matters in the standards (*e. g.*, the six days of the creation) as do not enter into the substance of the faith.

It is thought by many that this will be the beginning of a general movement for the revision of the creeds of the Reformed Churches. The General Presbyterian Council held last year at Edinburgh appointed a committee, of which Dr. Philip Schaff is the convener, to collect together the confessions of these Churches, both those now in use and those which have been used heretofore. In his essay read before the Council Dr. Schaff favored the preparation of a new confession, saying that "it would afford an excellent opportunity to simplify and popularize the Reformed system of doctrine, to utter a protest against the peculiar errors and dangers of our age, and to exhibit the fraternal attitude of this Alliance to the other evangelical Churches which have sprung up since the Reformation." Dr. William M. Taylor, of this city, has expressed himself still more strongly. "For ourselves," he writes, in the *Christian at Work*, "we are prepared to agree with Dr. Cairns in desiring a shorter, simpler, less metaphysical, and more comprehensive creed, on which Presbyterians of all stripes and Congregationalists—may we not add also Baptists?—could unite."

Dr. George F. Seymour, of the Protestant Episcopal General Seminary, was consecrated Bishop of the diocese of Springfield, Illinois, on Tuesday, June 11, in Trinity Church, of this city. Bishop Potter performed the act of consecration; the sermon was preached by Bishop Lay, of the diocese of Easton. Ten bishops and over one hundred clergymen were present. In the sermon the difficulties which have for several years impeded Dr. Seymour's progress to the episcopate were freely discussed. Dr. Seymour was first elected Bishop of Illinois, but effectual opposition to the confirmation of the election was made in the General Convention of 1874. Since then the diocese of Illinois has been divided into three, and his election to one of these has been confirmed by the standing committees of a majority of the dioceses of the Church. Thus a long and at times bitter controversy has been happily concluded.

On the last day of May Messrs. Whittle and M'Granahan closed a series of meetings of ten weeks' duration in Worcester, Massachusetts. The last day was given to a Christian Convention, which was very largely attended. John B. Gough and Mr. Sankey were both present. Mr. Gough said, with truth, that "the error of the Washingtonian movement and the cause of its failure was its ignoring of the religious element" in human nature. These meetings in Worcester have been very successful. It may gratify a not unreasonable curiosity to state that the financial account of the ten weeks showed expenses to the amount of $1800. Of this sum, as much as $1400 was paid for the use of Mechanics' Hall. Major Whittle received no compensation, and paid his own way.

The American Unitarian Association has had from May, 1877, to May, 1878, a very prosperous year. The receipts reached $221,425; the expenditures were $211,939, leaving a balance of more than $9000 on hand. The work of this Association consists largely in sustaining mission churches. Help has been given it from the Winn Fund, the establishment of which was at the time recorded in this Intelligence. A chapel has been built at Ithaca, the seat of Cornell University; a chapel is also contemplated at Brunswick, Maine, the seat of Bowdoin College. Missionary work has been begun at Olympia, Walla Walla, and Los Angeles, on the Pacific coast. The Association has also appropriated a small sum for lectures to the students of Wilberforce University, Xenia, Ohio, which is under the control of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. The college has invited the Association to be represented by delegates at the dedication of the new building this month. Henry P. Kidder was re-elected president; among the directors of the Association is a lady, Mrs. Fanny B. Ames.

The New Jerusalem Church, commonly known as the Church of the Swedenborgians, has been organized in this country for more than half of a century. The fifty-eighth annual Convention opened in Boston May 31. There are in the whole United States 112 parishes of this denomination. The largest number of parishes—20—in any one State is in Massachusetts; Ohio has 15; Pennsylvania, 9; and New York, 8. There is a theological seminary at Waltham, Massachusetts, which was established in 1866. Great efforts have been made by the Church to spread the knowledge of its doctrines through the gratuitous distribution of the works of Swedenborg. A legacy of $35,000 has enabled the Massachusetts State Association to purchase a building on Tremont Street, where church rooms have been opened.

The results of the Baptist anniversaries which began in Cleveland May 27 may be thus summed up. The total receipts of the Publication Society for the year were $304,610. Of this total, $264,058 were receipts from sales, and $40,551 contributions to the missionary department. The number of publications now on the catalogue is 1151. The board has sent out from this country a manager for the publishing house in Hamburg of the Baptist Missionary Association of Germany. The receipts of the Home Mission Society were $175,209—a falling off of $14,614. The debt has increased from $40,000 to $45,000. The number of missionaries employed has decreased from 233 to 222. Eight schools are sustained by this society for the education of freedmen as preachers and teachers. In these there are 35 teachers and 1056 scholars. At the meeting of the Missionary Union, which has charge of foreign missions, 419 members were present. The receipts for the year were stated to be $278,723; in the Asiatic missions the baptisms were 1693; in the European, 4252. A noticeable feature of the anniversaries was the presence of delegates from the Southern Baptist Convention. One of the Southern delegates expressed a wish for organic union of the Baptists of the North and South.

The case of the Rev. Fergus Ferguson, charged with heresy, was decided against him by the United Presbyterian Synod of Scotland. Mr. Ferguson had appealed against the decision of the Presbytery of Glasgow, and the question came before the Synod on sustaining the appeal. The personal explanations made by Mr. Ferguson greatly conciliated the Synod, and at length the following resolution was adopted by a vote of 330 to 118, viz.: "That the Synod sustain the decision of the Presbytery, but, in view of additional explanations, reserves judgment." No defense was made by Mr. Ferguson on the counts following the first, which were accordingly decided against him. By unanimous vote a committee of nine was appointed to confer with Mr. Ferguson, and to obtain light, by means of the conference, upon the best means of concluding the case.

The utilizing of the lay force of the Churches becomes every year more important, and the devices adopted to this end, though various, all show a common purpose. In the Illinois Protestant Episcopal Convention, held at Chicago in the last days of May, a resolution was offered proposing "that laymen of good repute and Christian qualifications be admitted to the permanent diaconate." After an animated debate the subject was referred for further consideration and action.

The summer open-air Conventions have already sounded their notes of preparation. Chautauqua is finding numerous imitators. The best scholars are more largely every year enlisted as lecturers. At the Thousand Island Park, on the St. Lawrence River, the Sunday-school Parliament opens August 13. Among the lecturers are the following college professors: C. W. Bennett, of Syracuse; R. B. Welch, of Auburn Theological Seminary; D. H. MacVicar, of the Presbyterian College of Montreal; L. T. Townsend, of the Boston University; J. F. Hurst, of Drew Seminary.

Religious services were begun in Ocean Grove on June 12. The programme for 1878 includes a Union Meeting and Temperance Convention from July 9 to July 19; the anniversary of the establishment of the grove services will occur July 31; a week of song service, conducted by Philip Phillips, from August 1 to the 6th; and the annual camp-meeting, August 19-29. At Round Lake there will be a complete normal course of forty lessons given, from July 16-26. Each lesson combines Bibie study and drill in the art of teaching. Among the lecturers are some of the first scholars and preachers of the country.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

On Sunday night Mr. Blivins was quite astonished to find a young man with a fierce mustache in the company of his daughter, in the front parlor, and the gas turned low, and inquired, indignantly, "What are you doing here, Sir?" "Hist!" was the reply of the youth, in a warning voice. "Not a word, or all is lost. I am a secret-service agent of the Russian government."

JUSTICE AND COLT.

"Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just."
Ah, Shakspeare, that might do
For those good knights who now are dust,
Those swords now rusted through.

But we who live a keener life
Thy triple armor bolt;
And for defense, as well as strife,
Are six times armed by Colt.

"Pa," said a little four-year-old, "there's a poor man out there that would give any thing to see you." "Who is it, my son?" "It is a blind man."

Curing Hams.—"Do you know a good way of curing hams?" asked a man of his neighbor. "Oh yes," was the reply; "but the trouble with me is, I have no way of procuring them."

A NORSE TALE.

"Friend, I'm to be married to-day."
"*Well, then, you are lucky, I say.*"
"But the bride is ugly and cross."
"*You're unlucky, then, with a loss.*"
"Not so; she has houses and gold."
"*Well, friend, that is luck, I am told.*"
"But the houses took fire to-day,
And the gold all melted away."
"*That is downright unlucky, my friend.*"
"You'll never say that at the end,
For my best news is yet to be told—
Wife burned with the houses and gold."

Rational.—No man who doesn't take his rations regularly—when he can get them—can be called a rational being.

The last Parody.—A country paper truthfully and pathetically assures us that

"There is no town, however watched and tended,
But one dead bank is there;
There is no safe, however well defended,
But needs still greater care."

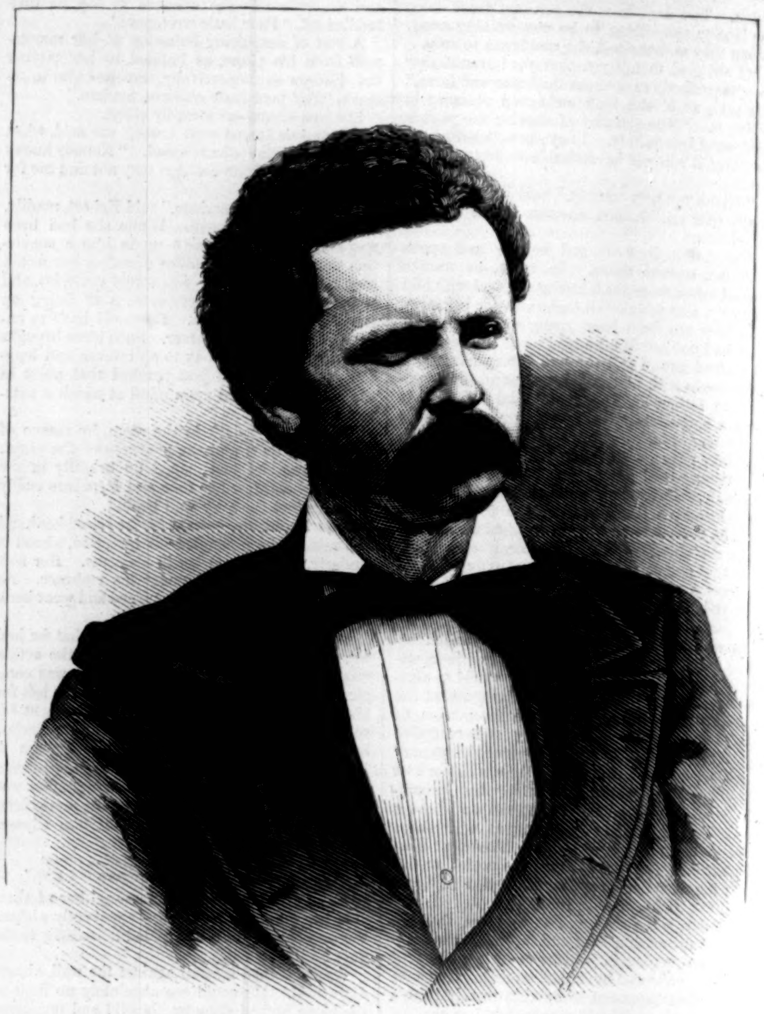
By the Old Bachelor.—When two girls meet, they kiss. When two young men meet, they don't. That shows who wants kissing the worst.

Settle up.—"Do you know," remarked a rather fast youth, the other day, to a stuttering friend, to whom he was slightly indebted—"do you know that I intend to marry and settle down?" "I do-don't know any thing about it," was the reply, "bu-but I think you had better stay single and set-settle up."

A good Name for a Wood-Cutter—Hugh.

"Mary Jane," said the father of Estella Montmorenci de St. Claire, the female Hercula—"Mary Jane is unquestionably one of the most drawing attractions billed with any show. That act where while swinging by the toes she lifts the members of the company in succession with her teeth is a marvel of æsthetic grace and culture." "Yes," said the mother, proudly, "but I fear that we must soon give up our darling child." "Why? I have noticed nothing." "Perhaps you have not, but a mother's eye—Mary Jane is in love with Gennario Gonzales, the cataclysm of California. Any one with half an eye can see that at a glance. Every night during her present engagement and at the Saturday matinées I have observed that when she lifts the members of the company with her teeth she keeps him suspended by the nape of the neck twice as long as any of the others. She does not conceal her preference, and thus strives to be in his company as much as possible. Her heart has spoken."

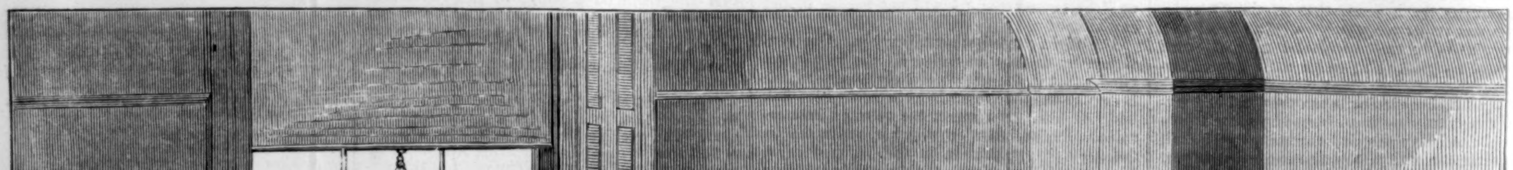
THE HON. C. N. POTTER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



JAMES E. ANDERSON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE POTTER COMMITTEE.

THE meetings of the POTTER investigating committee are held in a basement room on the west side of the main body of the Capitol—the same room in which the Crédit Mobilier investigation took place. It has one large window directly opposite the door. A slight pine railing divides the space occupied by the committee, about two-thirds of the floor, from the part nearest the door, allotted to reporters and the general public. In our picture Mr. POTTER sits at the end of the table on the right, and Mr. THOMAS B. REED, of Maine, at the opposite end. ANDERSON, who was under examination when the sketch for the picture was taken, sits directly against the window. He is described by the correspondent of the Albany *Evening Journal* as "a man thirty or less, with vivid red hair and mustache, straight forehead, blonde complexion, and slight figure." Of his behavior under examination the correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser* says: "He had the air of one quite well aware that he was engaged in a serious business. He was ready, and talked so rapidly that the stenographer was frequently obliged to stop him, but often in so low a tone that it was difficult for some to hear what he said. He confined himself pretty strictly to the



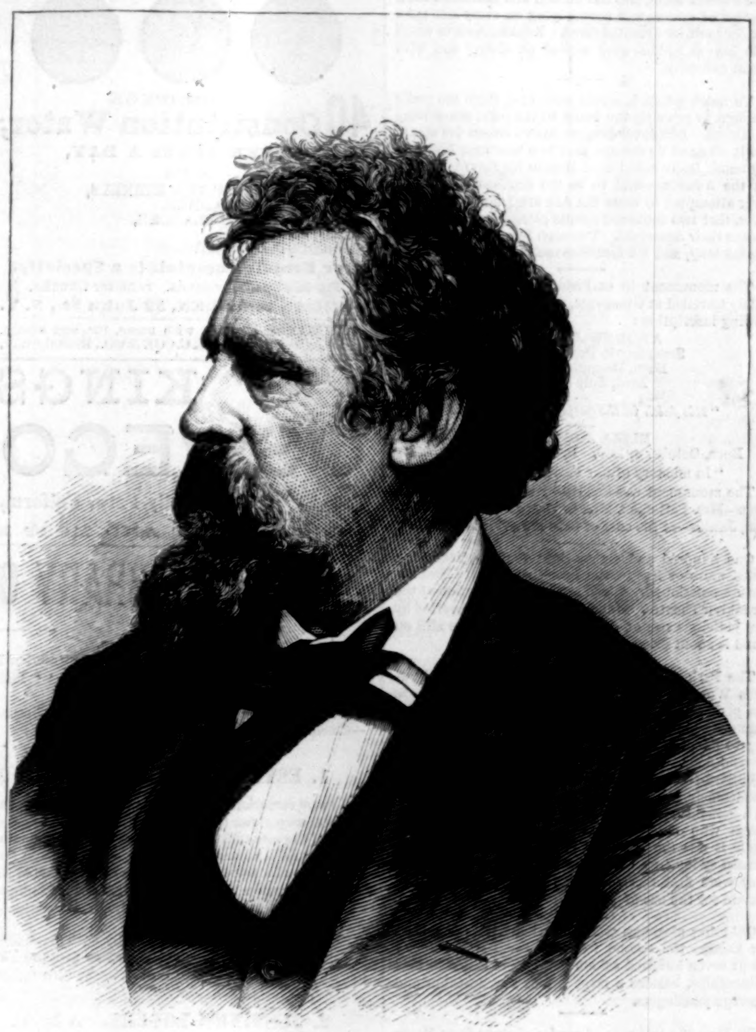
THE POTTER COMMITTEE-ROOM.—[FROM A SKETCH BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

suggestion of M'MAHON during his direct testimony; but afterward, when General BUTLER was cross-examining him, and he became conscious that he was being involved, he had to be checked frequently. He appeared entirely self-possessed; and, so far as his personal conduct on the stand goes, he would be called a good witness. There was no offensive vanity or suspicious bravado about his manner of telling his story, nor, on the other hand, did he show any consciousness of shame as he related what, if true, brands him as a villain."

THOMAS WINANS.

MR. WINANS, of Baltimore, the well-known inventor and Russian railway builder, died at his summer house in Newport, Rhode Island, on June 10. He was the eldest son of the late ROSS WINANS, an inventor of considerable celebrity. Like his father, he was fond of the mechanical arts, and at the age of twenty went to St. Petersburg with an engine of his father's pattern and manufacture to compete with contractors of several nations in bids for equipping the newly built Nicolai Railroad between Moscow and the Russian capital. Successful in that enterprise, he remained several years in Russia, where he was joined by his brothers, and engaged with them in many important public undertakings. In 1850, having amassed a fortune estimated at $10,000,000, THOMAS WINANS returned to this country, and built an elegant residence in Baltimore. He was always fond of the workshop, and passed much of his time in perfecting curious inventions. A cigar-shaped ship and a steam-gun were among the failures of his inventive faculty.

Mr. WINANS was greatly esteemed by his personal friends. He was a man of liberal and generous character, and his death is greatly regretted by those who were familiar with his genial qualities. He was fifty-eight years old.



THOMAS WINANS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY H. POLLOCK.]

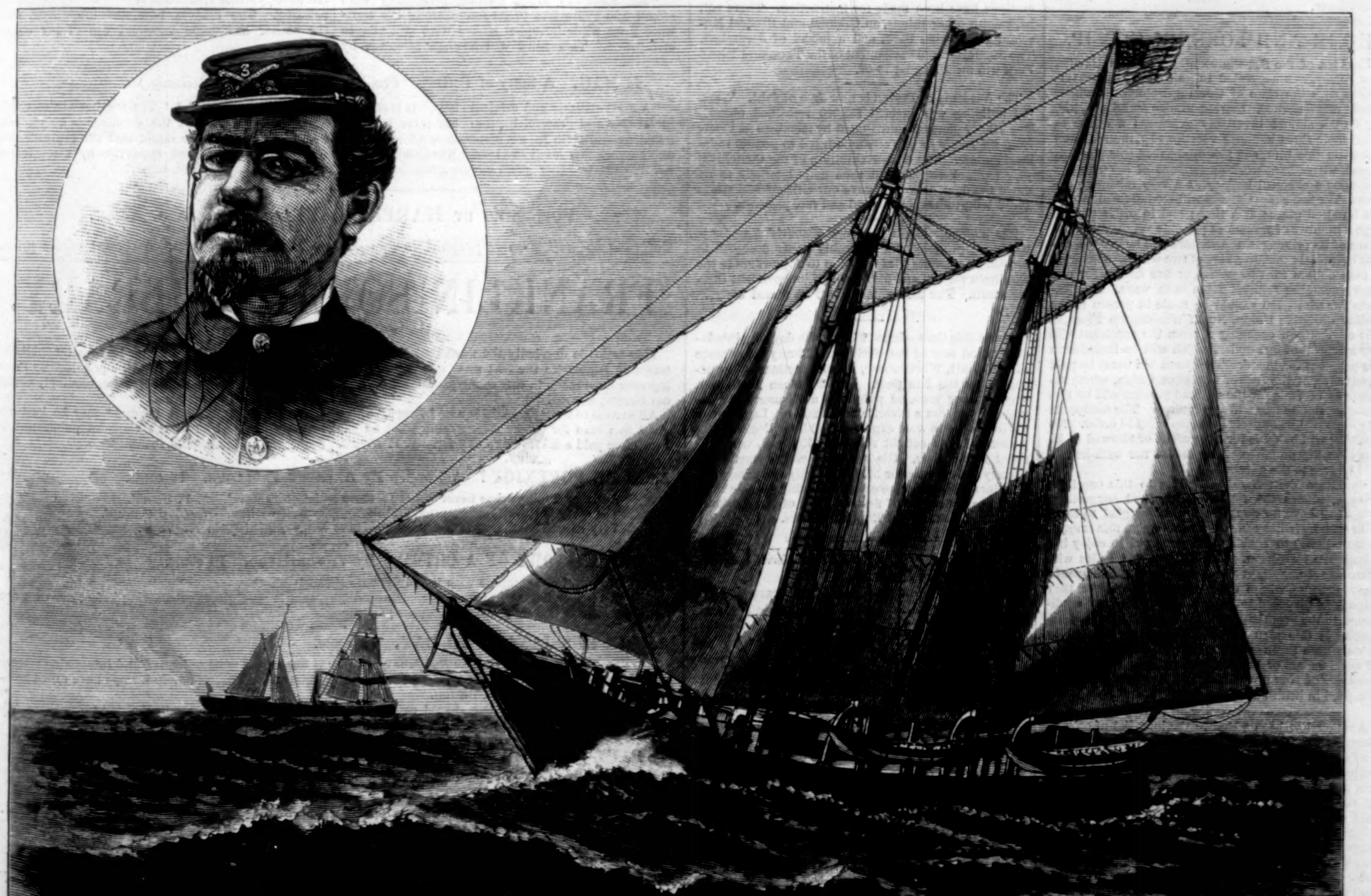
ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

LITTLE is needed at any time to rouse enthusiasm in regard to an expedition which has for its purpose the discovery of particulars concerning the voyage of the ill-fated FRANKLIN, whose mysterious disappearance amid the frozen regions of the North has been the cause of so much public and private lamentation. At present, however, unusual interest is felt in the matter from the fact that within the past six years certain information has been gathered by Northern explorers which leads to the conclusion that there may even yet be a chance of obtaining full records of all that happened to the daring crew who, with their beloved leader, perished in the arctic expedition of 1845.

In 1872 Captain POTTER, in command of an American whaler in Hudson Bay, met some Esquimaux of the Nachili tribe, near Whale Point, to the south of Repulse Bay. The Nachilis are natives of the Boothia Isthmus, often mentioned in the narrative of Sir JOHN ROSS. They told Captain POTTER that a party of white men came, a long time before, to a place in the Gulf of Boothia, where the Nachili were then wintering, and they all died there. The captain also obtained some silver and other things belonging to the FRANKLIN expedition from these people. In 1877 Mr. THOMAS F. BARRY, in the whaler *A. Houghton*, belonging to Messrs. MORRISON & BROWN, of New York, wintered at Marble Island, off the mouth of the Wager River. He was visited by other Esquimaux of the Nachili tribe, from whom he obtained a spoon with Sir JOHN FRANKLIN's crest upon it. They told him exactly the same story as had been told to Captain POTTER five years before. Two, who were between fifty and sixty years of age, said that they had seen the white men. They added that the white men had a leader, but that when the spring came they were all dead. After a good many had died, the rest made a cairn, and put under it some things like the book in which BARRY was writing, and which the Nachili examined. They offered to go and point out the spot where the cairn still remains, with the books under it; but it involved a journey of several hundred miles, and BARRY was unable to undertake it. When asked to point out the position of the island where the white men died, on the map, they always put their fingers on a spot in the unexplored part of the Gulf of Boothia, northwest of the entrance to Fury and Hecla Strait, in the direction of Felix Harbor of Ross, on the east coast of Boothia.

Upon the return of Captain BARRY the interest of several influential gentlemen was awakened in the cairn and the valuable relics it is supposed to cover. It was determined, if possible, to send a vessel to the North for the purpose of discovering the repository, and the accumulation of a fund for the purpose was immediately begun. In the mean time the business of testing the evidence of the existence of the cairn, and the probability of its being situated in the place indicated, was intrusted to Chief Justice DALY, of this city. This gentleman had a long and satisfactory conversation with Captain BARRY, and at the same time heard from JOE, the faithful companion of Captain HALL, who gave his testimony in regard to Captain BARRY's familiarity with the Esquimau language. The result of further investigation seemed to prove conclusively that the supposed position of the cairn is precisely at that point whither the doomed party would have naturally made their way during that stage of the fatal journey of which we have no record. The result of the inquiry was such as to convince Messrs. MORRISON & BROWN that the $10,000 placed in their hands for the purpose might with propriety be spent in fitting out a vessel to go in search of the cairn. The *Eothen*, which has been selected, is a small ship of 102 tons burden, but considered perfectly adapted to the work she is to undertake. Her commander will be Captain BARRY, whose interest in the affair and experience in the arctic seas eminently fit him for the position.

The exploring party will be simply passengers aboard the vessel, selected with a view to the necessities of such an expedition, and commanded by Lieutenant FREDERICK SCHWATKA, whose portrait we give. This gentleman has not been identified with labors of exploration, but has heretofore served his country in the capacity of an army officer, whose business it is to protect our frontier from the incursions of the Indians. Lieutenant SCHWATKA is but twenty-eight years of age, and comparatively a young commander for the difficult and dangerous enterprise now before him. Light in complexion, strong and well built, he has, how-



THE ARCTIC SEARCH SCHOONER "EOTHEN."—[DRAWN BY FRED. S. COZZENS.]

ever, the appearance of a man whose experience is beyond his years. As his name suggests, he is of foreign extraction. Born in Illinois, on the completion of his school career he entered West Point, where he graduated in 1871. While fond of his profession, he entertained at the same time a taste for medicine, and having procured a six months' leave of absence from his regiment, he came to New York, where, after a diligent course of study, he graduated at the Bellevue Medical College. It was at one time his intention to become a surgeon in the army, abandoning his place in the line, but the outbreak of the Indian war caused him to relinquish this intention. Thus he was on the field during the bloody struggle which cost us CUSTER, but culminated in the subjugation of Chief JOSEPH. During this time he fully demonstrated his ability as a soldier.

It was while with his regiment in the West that Lieutenant SCHWATKA first became interested in the subject of arctic exploration. Learning from the Eastern newspapers the story of Captain BARRY and the information elicited by him from the Esquimaux, the ambition of the young soldier was fired to go and discover for himself whether this remarkable cairn positively existed, and what relics it might contain. There could be no doubt that many articles belonging to Sir JOHN FRANKLIN and his ill-fated crew had been found in these regions, and the story of the cairn was altogether probable. Having considered the matter for some time, Lieutenant SCHWATKA obtained leave from his commanding officer and came to New York, where he at once put himself in communication with Messrs. MORRISON & BROWN, who were glad to find so able and energetic a man desirous of putting himself at the head of their cherished enterprise.

Although, as already suggested, he is new to the business of exploration, Lieutenant SCHWATKA has given a great amount of study to the subject, and has laid his plans with the skill of a veteran. He proposes to take with him as assistants only such persons as are necessary to the expedition. There will be a photographer, provided it is found practicable to use the necessary chemicals in such an extremely cold climate; there will be a hunter, whose business it will be to provide supplies of game; and "Esquimau JOE," who will act as guide and interpreter—these, with three or four others, will probably complete the party. The vessel, it is supposed, will go into winter-quarters at Repulse Bay. In the spring of 1879, when sledging becomes practicable, the search party will proceed by land—or rather ice—toward the point where the cairn is supposed to be situated, some four or five hundred miles from the bay. A year is to be given to the search, at the end of which the party will return in time to meet the vessel, which shall have spent the same time on a whaling cruise in North Hudson Bay. In July or August of 1880, if all goes well, we shall see the expedition return to New York. This, at least, is the programme at present laid down, subject to such mutations as circumstances shall necessitate.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE idea of the Sea-shore Cottage at Atlanticville, New Jersey, was suggested to its founder by conversations with the class of working-women for whose benefit it is designed. Sewing-women and shop-girls, she found, almost invariably expressed a desire to spend their short summer vacations by the sea; and acting on this hint, she has established this pleasant retreat, where hard-working persons of her own sex can enjoy a cheerful holiday at a very moderate expense. The Sea-shore Cottage will accommodate about one hundred guests at a time; and in order that as large a number of women as possible may avail themselves of its privileges, the visitors will be limited, except in special cases, to a stay of two weeks. The price is nine dollars for two weeks, or five dollars for one week, including railroad fares both ways. Applications for admission should be made in person to the Ladies' Christian Union, No. 27 Washington Place, in this city. Upon engaging a room the applicant will pay a deposit of one dollar, which will be included in the payment for board. The board bill must be paid in advance, at the Ladies' Christian Union, where receipts and tickets for the railroad passage will be furnished. References will be required. The occupants of rooms will be expected to keep them in order. No washing will be done for the guests, or allowed to be done on the premises. The use of the bath-houses will be free to the guests.

The New York *Herald*, alluding to this excellent scheme, makes the following practical suggestion, which we have no doubt many will be glad to carry out: "Many ladies can well afford to give this amount [nine dollars] to enable some poor girl to enjoy her fortnight's recreation. We suggest that ladies who patronize stores might select some female employée at their pleasure, whose expenses at Atlanticville they might feel disposed to pay, and make personal application to the proprietors for the necessary leave of absence. If this plan should be generally adopted by those whose means enable them to bear the expense of such an act of benevolence and generosity, many hundreds of young women might be made happy and benefited in health at a very trifling cost."

Another has been added to the long list of colliery disasters which have occurred in England within the past half century. Almost every accident on record during that time has been attended with great loss of life, and this last is no exception. On the morning of June 7 a fearful explosion took place in Evans's coal mines, at Haydock, six miles south of Wigan, Lancashire. The colliery consists of two mines connected by a tunnel. In the morning an examination had been made, as usual, and every thing pronounced safe. Even ten minutes before the disaster investigation gave no indication of danger. No blasting powder was used; and at the present time a mystery surrounds the fatal explosion. It is supposed that there were at least 250 men in the colliery at the time, and that over 230 of these were killed. Eighteen were saved by the manager, who went down the shaft five minutes after the explosion, and finding a number of men lying on their faces in the Ravenshead Mine, opened the ventilating doors, and thus revived them. But the explosion had occurred beyond the tunnel, in the Florida Mine, and the burned and mutilated dead bodies of miners and horses lying on every side gave evidence of its dreadful force. Explorations to reach the buried bodies were carried on slowly and with great difficulty.

To most minds it would seem that there are perils enough in crossing the ocean in the most sea-worthy steamers. But novel dangers have a charm for many. So it may not be strange that two brothers, Andrews by name, lately sailed from Boston for Havre, France, in the *Nautilus*—said to be the smallest vessel that ever attempted to cross the Atlantic; nor strange, either, that two thousand people gathered on the wharf to see their departure. The craft is nineteen feet two inches long, and six feet four inches beam.

The monument to ex-President Andrew Johnson, lately unveiled at Greenville, Tennessee, bears the following inscription:

ANDREW JOHNSON,
Seventeenth President U.S.A.
Born, December 29, 1808.
Died, July 31, 1875.

"His faith in the people never wavered."

ELIZA JOHNSON.
Born, October 4, 1810. Died, January 15, 1876.
"In memory of our Father and Mother."

The monument was erected by three surviving children—Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Stover, and Andrew Johnson, Junior—at the cost of between $7000 and $8000.

One hundred and eighty-eight families have been aided more or less by the Brooklyn Theatre Fire Relief Association, organized after the destruction of the Brooklyn Theatre. Much distress has been averted by the judicious use of the funds. The balance still on hand is about $6000.

The Park Avenue Hotel, recently known as Stewart's Women's Hotel, was opened early in June to the general public with an informal reception. The changes which have been made in this immense building to adapt it to its new purpose are chiefly on the ground-floor. There a smoking-room, a bar-room, a billiard-room, and private dining-rooms have been handsomely fitted up, and such other changes made as a general hotel demanded. It is stated that those ladies who entered the establishment as boarders while it was the Women's Hotel will be welcome to remain as long as they please at the rates at which they were first received. The library of books will remain for the use of guests.

Outgoing steamers were crowded with passengers for Europe the second week in June. On one day about seven hundred saloon passengers sailed in four steam-ships, besides a large list of second-cabin and steerage passengers.

On June 22 a test race of carrier-pigeons from Rome to Brussels will be made. The distance is about 760 miles, and 600 birds are entered for the race. It is not expected, however, that over half a dozen will succeed in making the journey. The line of the projected race crosses Mount St. Gothard, and it is supposed that the successful birds will take the direct course, which must carry them over that peak, at 10,000 feet above sea-level.

A Sunday-school assembly will be held this year at Round Lake, commencing July 16. Elaborate preparations have been made for instruction. There will be, among other things, an Oriental and Biblical Museum, a Palestine Park, and a model of Jerusalem. The Sunday-school Parliament of the Thousand Island Park will meet August 13–22.

The Academy of Design is now free of debt. When the building was erected $35,000 remained unpaid. The sale of pictures contributed by members and gifts from art lovers in this city amounted to several thousand dollars. The Loan Exhibition of the Centennial year realized $23,000, and thus helped largely to remove the debt, as well as gave our citizens and strangers a long-to-be-remembered and rare pleasure.

The White Mountain Echo and Tourists' Register is the name proposed for a weekly paper designed to furnish all necessary information to sojourners in the mountain region, and also to be of independent literary merit. The first number will be issued early in July.

About this time—June 18 being the day appointed—an auction sale of the Freiligrath library takes place at Cannstadt, Würtemberg, in the apartments last occupied by the late poet. In 1838, when Freiligrath was a young man, he published a volume of poems which made him a favorite in Germany. Later, when his liberal views were expressed in his writings, he was persecuted, and sought refuge in England, where he spent many years. His genius, personal worth, and literary culture won for him popularity and sympathy. His library is a very rare one, comprising a remarkably complete collection of first editions of the works of celebrated German and English authors.

NEW YORK, *March* 1, 1878.

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Gentlemen,—For the past two years I have been afflicted with disease of the prostate gland, attended at times with intense pain; have been treated by several physicians with but little relief; have been in Roosevelt Hospital for treatment there. I was told my disease was the same as A. T. STEWART'S and Commodore VANDERBILT'S; that I might get some relief, but could not be cured. On the 2d of February I commenced taking "Constitution Water;" to-day I call to say to you that I am well and tender this testimonial.

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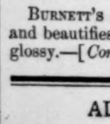

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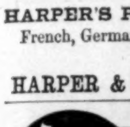

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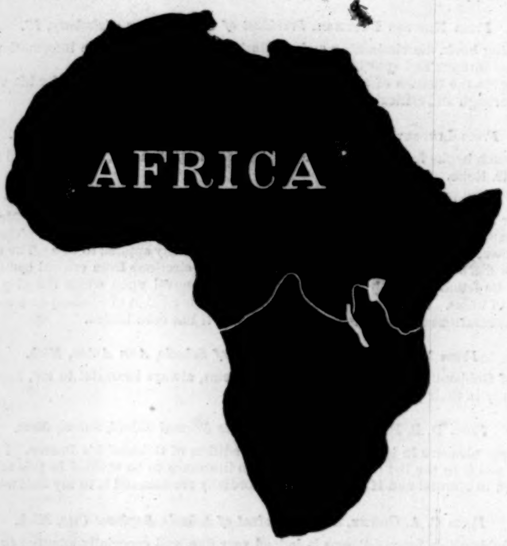

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IN THE PONTINE MARSHES.

THE singular unhealthiness of the climate of Rome during the summer months is chiefly owing to the curious topography of the surrounding country. On one side of the Eternal City lie the Pontine Marshes, and on the other the Maremma. The former, which extend from Nettuno to Terracina, measure about forty-five miles in length and from four to eleven in breadth. Opinions differ as to the original condition of this large tract of country, but it is not improbable that all these low grounds were once covered by the sea, as was the territory of Ravenna, on the eastern coast. HOMER, who may or may not be regarded as an authority, describes the abode of Circe, the promontory Monte Circello, as an island. In the early times of the Roman Republic there were, according to the traditions gathered by PLINY, thirty-three cities situated in this region, all of which, either through wars or the increasing influence of the miasma, disappeared at a very early period. The principal city, Pometia, gave its name to the marshes, which are formed by great quantities of water received from the innumerable streams that rise in the neighboring mountains and run into the plain. Here the level nature of the ground prevents their passing onward to the sea, and the water becomes stagnant, finally losing itself in the sand.

IN THE PONTINE MARSHES.—BUFFALOES CLEARING THE CANALS OF WEEDS.

The loss of so great a portion of fertile land, and the unwholesome vapors which the south wind carried to Rome, led the early inhabitants of that city to devise means for remedying the evil. The first attempt at drainage was probably made by APPIUS CLAUDIUS when he carried the famous Appian Way through the marshes. This, the oldest and most celebrated of Roman roads, is justly called by an ancient writer *Regina Viarum* (the queen of roads). Built in 313 B.C., during the censorship of APPIUS CLAUDIUS, it led from the *Porta Capena* at Rome in a southerly direction to Capua, passing through Three Taverns, Appii Forum, Terracina, and thence onward. The cost of this undertaking must have been enormous. First, it was necessary to remove all the loose soil, until a firm substructure or foundation was secured. On this were laid various strata cemented with lime, while the pavement consisted of large hexagonal blocks of stone, composed principally of basaltic lava, and joined together with great nicety, so as to appear one smooth mass.

In 160 B.C. an attempt to drain the marshes was made by the Consul CORNELIUS CETHEGUS, which met with apparent success, but the tract soon returned to its original condition. JULIUS CÆSAR formed the gigantic plan of conducting the Tiber through the marshes, but his death occurred to prevent its execution. AUGUSTUS CÆSAR contented himself with undertaking several canals. Under the succeeding emperors the attempts to improve this part of the country were abandoned, and the water overflowed until NERO renewed the work. TRAJAN continued it during ten years, and with so much spirit that the whole tract from Treponti to Terracina was drained, and the Appian Way was completely restored. During the political storms which destroyed the Roman Empire the marshes reverted to their former dreary condition. Under the Gothic King THEODORIC attempts were once more made to drain them, and, as it appears, were attended with a certain degree of success, but they were not persevered in. Among the popes, BONIFACE VIII., who died in 1303, was the first who occupied himself with the draining of the marshes. He caused a large canal to be dug, by means of which the country around Sezze and Sermonetta remains dry even to this day. Pope MARTIN V., in 1417, likewise caused a great canal, the Rio Martino, to be dug, intending to extend it to the sea. Scarcely a mile remained to be completed, when the undertaking was interrupted by his death. LEO X. presented the whole district as a gift to GIULIANO DE' MEDICI on condition that he would cause it to be drained. Yet during the sixty-nine years that it remained in the hands of the MEDICI little or nothing was done toward the furtherance of this object. SIXTUS V., who died in 1590, applied himself with zeal to the undertaking, and visited the country in person. He also caused the great canal, the Fiume Sisto, to be dug and protected by embankments. These, however, were too slightly built, and shortly after the death of the Pope who devised them they gave way, and the whole country became as marshy as ever. After him for a long time no pope had the courage to set about the work with earnestness.

PIUS VI. turned his attention again to the Pontine Marshes. Under him the levelling was performed with the greatest accuracy, the depths of the various canals and outlets were measured, and the degree of declivity in the bed of the rivers ascertained. In 1778 the work was commenced, and continued at a great expense until, at the expiration of ten years, it was completed. Yet, notwithstanding every exertion, it was found impracticable to raise the low lands and give them a proper slope for the numerous streams. Still the judiciously conducted canals, the cleansing of the beds of the different streams whose slime filled the air with unwholesome vapors, and the laying out of an excellent highway, the Linea Pia, bore witness to the services rendered to the country by PIUS VI. During the occupation of Rome by the French the labors were still continued; but the marshes seemed obstinately determined not to yield to the restraints of cultivation. A certain amount of progress was made, however, and now there are certain portions of the district that contain cultivated lands. There are also immense pastures where horses, cattle, and herds of buffaloes graze, and toward the sea there are immense forests. Still the air, particularly in some seasons of the year, is very unwholesome, and hence the pale sallow countenances of the few inhabitants. These, when the fever to which they are subject will permit them, spend their time chiefly in hunting and fishing, while as an occasional diversion they practice highway robbery. Our illustration shows the difficulties to be contended against

in keeping open for traffic the canals which intersect these marshes. To keep these canals clear of weeds about two hundred buffaloes are employed the greater part of the year, and are driven in daily for several hours; two men follow in light punts and keep them in a compact mass, filling up the whole breadth of canal, and when working against the stream they offer such a check to the current that the water pours over their backs like a mountain torrent. In their endeavors to escape their drivers they tear away the weeds, which are carried down the stream to the sea. A buffalo often rises behind the boats, either having dived to escape the punting pole, or having been pushed under by his companions.

TORPEDO WARFARE.

The germ of the torpedo, which plays such an important part in modern warfare, is to be found in the floating powder-ships which were first used at the siege of Antwerp in 1585, but its use as an instrument for the destruction of hostile shipping must be referred to the time of the American Revolution. During that conflict David Bushnell, a captain of engineers, devised a submarine boat to carry a torpedo charged with 150 pounds of gunpowder. This was to be attached to an enemy's vessel by means of a wooden screw, and fired by a clock-work fuse. The first actual trial of the invention was made in 1776, when one of these boats, under the guidance of Sergeant Ezra Lee, was placed under the bottom of the *Eagle*, an English ship of war lying at anchor in New York Harbor. The sergeant, however, found it impracticable to attach the torpedo, which was cut adrift, and soon exploded. In 1777 Captain Bushnell directed a drifting percussion torpedo against the frigate *Cerberus*, lying off New London, and it destroyed a schooner moored alongside. Similar torpedoes were set adrift on the Delaware, but did no harm. At this time they were not known by the present name.

It was Robert Fulton who first called these novel and disastrous weapons by the name "torpedoes," and about the beginning of the present century he made strenuous efforts to introduce them to the notice of various governments. Unsuccessful in France, he went to England in 1804, and was authorized to destroy the French fleet at Boulogne by the new method. This he failed to accomplish, but during the following year he blew up the brig *Dorothea*, assigned to him for experimental trial in the harbor of Deal. The plan employed was comparatively simple: two drifting torpedoes were launched, connected with a rope, which fouled the hawser, and one of them, charged with 170 pounds of powder, was exploded by clock-work under the bottom of the brig, and completely destroyed her. Notwithstanding this triumph, motives of policy, resulting from their sovereignty of the sea, caused Fulton and his new weapon to be rejected by the English government, and he returned to America to encounter ultimately a like repulse, although in 1807 he repeated his experiment successfully in the harbor of New York. Fulton's system included four classes of torpedoes: buoyant mines held in place by anchors, and provided with a mechanical device by which explosion ensued when they were struck by a vessel; line torpedoes of the kind used in the destruction of the *Dorothea*; harpoon torpedoes, to be attached to the enemy's vessel by a harpoon shot from a gun, and then to be exploded by clock-work; and lastly, "block-ship" torpedoes, to be carried on spars projecting from a peculiar kind of vessel, and exploded by contact with the enemy.

THE BRITISH FLEET IN THE SEA OF MARMORA—SEARCHING FOR TOR

Just before the close of the war of 1812 preparations were made for an extended use of torpedoes in the defense of our harbors. Colonel Samuel Colt was the first to practically apply electricity to the ignition of torpedoes. After experimenting for fourteen years, and blowing up several vessels at anchor, he finally, in 1843, destroyed a brig under full sail on the Potomac, operating by electricity from a station at Alexandria, five miles distant. He elaborated a complete system of buoyant submarine mines which were to be planted in groups quincuncially in the channel to be defended. To connect them with the shore he devised one of the first insulated cables; it was connected with a platinum wire fuse imbedded in a priming of gunpowder. He also proposed to arrange a reflector to throw the image of the ship upon a map of mines at the operator's station. This project, bearing the date of 1836, was discovered among Colonel Colt's papers after his death.

Although much progress was made in submarine blasting, and an elaborate system of electrical submarine mines was prepared by Captain Hennebert, a French engineer, no opportunity offered for the further use of torpedoes until the time of the Crimean war. In 1855 a new kind of contact mine, devised by Jacobi, was planted off Cronstadt and Sevastopol. Explosions occurred under the frigates *Merlin* and *Firefly*, but did no serious damage. The Jacobi fuse consisted of a little bottle of sulphuric acid bedded in a mixture of potassium chlorate and sugar. This bottle being broken by the shock, an explosion ensued, which communicated with the charge and ignited the mine. Had not this engineer employed too small charges of powder (eight or nine pounds), his success would probably have been more marked. His system included electrical mines as well as mechanical. The destruction of the docks at Sevastopol was finally effected by French engineers through the agency of submarine explosions, and the attention of all nations was thus once more called to the subject. The result appeared in the defense onel Von Ebner, of th originated a system had preceded it.

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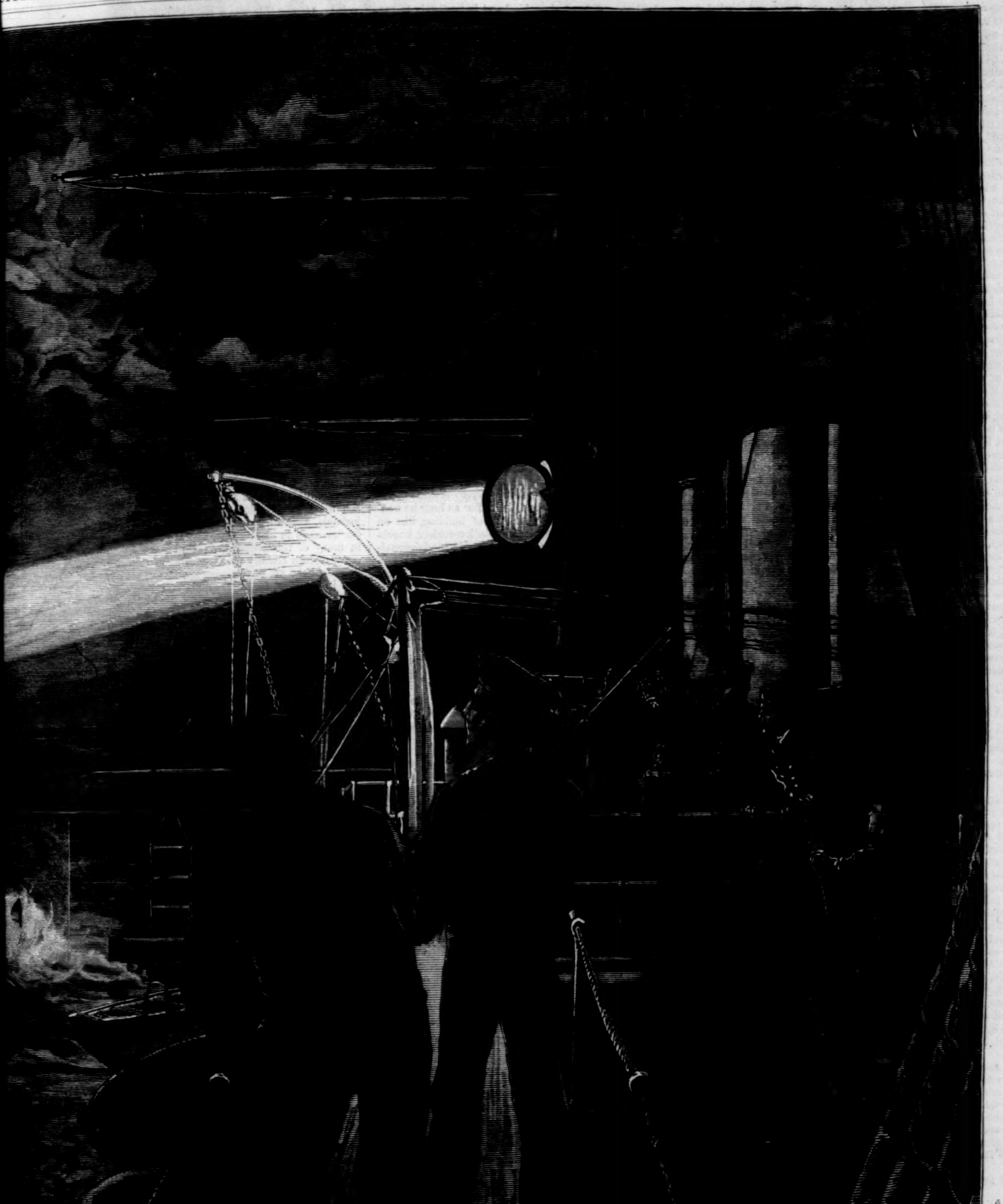

OR TOR[PE]DO BOATS BY THE ELECTRIC LIGHT ON BOARD H. M. S. "AGINCOURT."

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sioned no damage. In October, 1862, the service was formally legalized by the Confederate Congress, and a Torpedo Bureau was soon after established at Richmond. A special corps of officers and men was raised and trained for submarine warfare. Inventions multiplied, and agents were sent to Europe to procure material and find out the latest ideas on the subject. The Southern waters soon became so dangerous as to interfere seriously with naval operations. The first vessel actually blown up by the new machines was an iron-clad, the *Cairo*, which was totally destroyed, on the Yazoo River, in December, 1862. During the remainder of the war seven United States iron-clads, eleven wooden war vessels, and six army transports were destroyed by torpedoes, and many others were temporarily disabled. The Confederates lost a fine iron-clad, the *Albemarle*, at Plymouth, North Carolina, two steamers in Charleston Harbor, and a flag-of-truce boat on James River in the same manner, the last three accidentally by their own torpedoes. This great destruction occurred chiefly during the last two years of the war.

In the Schleswig-Holstein war of 1864 Denmark resorted to ingenious stationary submarine mines, and one of the invading vessels was destroyed. Paraguay employed torpedoes in defending its river-coast against Brazil and her allies in 1865. By these the iron-clad *Rio de Janeiro* was destroyed and the *Tamandare* disabled, although the engineers were crippled by want of supplies. During the Franco-German war of 1870 the coasts of the Baltic and North seas were effectively protected against the French fleet by torpedoes, and various attempts were made to defend the French rivers in the same manner.

The "Whitehead" torpedo, which accomplished so much destruction during the recent war between Russia and Turkey, is the most remarkable weapon of this kind ever devised. A full description of it has, however, already been given in a preceding number of the *Weekly*. At the beginning of the conflict the Russians only possessed the secret of the "Whitehead," and were naturally anxious to preserve it to themselves. Two torpedoes, however, fell into the hands of the Turks at Batum, who, ignorant of their value, forwarded them to Constantinople. Here they were examined, and the Turks became possessed of the secret without paying the heavy premium of £25,000, and were also enabled to obtain a number of these formidable engines at a much reduced price, in addition to receiving back the said pair from Fiume in perfect working order, thoroughly repaired at the expense of Mr. WHITEHEAD. Fortunately for the Turks, and in some respects for Mr. WHITEHEAD, the captured torpedoes fell into the hands, at the Turkish Admiralty, of those who knew the advantage to be derived from a preservation of the secret; and the patentee being honorably anxious to guard against any loss to the governments with whom he had entered into contracts, by endeavoring, as far as lay in his power, to prevent a knowledge of the secret principles upon which the torpedo is constructed, and plans of the machinery and mechanical arrangements, from being hawked about, an agent was sent to Constantinople to treat for the redelivery of the two torpedoes to Mr. WHITEHEAD. The contract signed, the agent departed at once, carrying off with him the pair of "unnatural fishes" to Fiume, having agreed, however, to return them as soon as they could be put in working order. In this way the Turks arrived at a full knowledge of the value of the "Whitehead," which they immediately began to use.

The employment of some such weapon as the torpedo has become almost a necessity, owing to the recent changes in our naval architecture, which have produced iron-clad vessels capable of enduring, for a time at least, the heaviest fire of modern artillery. Again, the invention of the screw-propeller has enabled fleets to steam rapidly past the forts that protect a harbor, under cover of night and fog, and anchor in many cases within easy range of the city. At present the two vulnerable points of a vessel are the deck and the bottom. The two problems to be solved in coast defense are, therefore, how to detain hostile vessels in the channel, and how to destroy them most effectively when there. The deck can in many localities only be advantageously attacked by the vertical fire of mortars, and the bottom reached only by torpedoes. If by an ingenious arrangement of the latter the enemy can be prevented from advancing beyond the line of the forts, the chances of destroying the fleet are doubled. The importance of this point is illustrated by the present uneasiness felt in England in regard to the defenses of the Bosporus in case of a war between that country and Russia. One correspondent, writing to the London *Times* from Constantinople, says: "Great stress, I find, is laid by some people on the use the Russians would make of the 'fish' torpedo, in case of war, to prevent the passage of our ships into the Black Sea. Setting aside the question as to the probability or otherwise of the Russians being able to appear in force any where about the western shore of the Bosporus, the success of a torpedo attack with 'Whiteheads' in these waters would be most doubtful. There can be no certainty of aim when the torpedo has to pass first through an eddy current running up inshore before it encounters the main stream running down, and I should think the chances of striking a passing vessel would be about equal were the torpedo pointed previous to starting up or down the Bosporus, or in a direct line for the opposite side. It is hard to say exactly what would become of a 'fish' torpedo launched by hand, or even with a proper apparatus, in